



THRILLS OF THE 21ST CENTURY WITH *Tommy*
TOMORROW



SUPERMAN

52 BIG
PAGES

ACTION COMICS

FEB.

NO.153

10c

IS THE
IDENTITY OF
SUPERMAN
EXPOSED
WHEN HE TRIES
TO PREVENT

"THE
100 DEATHS
OF
CLARK KENT"
?





ACTION COMICS



SUPERMAN

**WANTED
BY THE UNDERWORLD!**
\$100,000 REWARD FOR
CLARK KENT DEAD OR ALIVE.



THIS IS A TALE OF HUNTERS AND HUNTED—BUT A STRANGELY TWISTED ONE! FOR THE ROLES HAVE BEEN REVERSED AND IT'S THE HUNTED WHO NOW HUNT THE HUNTERS! SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN AN ORGANIZED UNDERWORLD TURNS ON ONE OF ITS WORST ENEMIES, AND PUTS SUPERMAN THROUGH ONE FEARFUL PREDICAMENT AFTER ANOTHER IN HIS DESPERATE EFFORTS TO PREVENT...

"THE 100 DEATHS OF CLARK KENT!"

SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE METROPOLIS, A BAND OF GUNMEN DASH FEARFULLY ACROSS AN ENCLOSED FIELD...

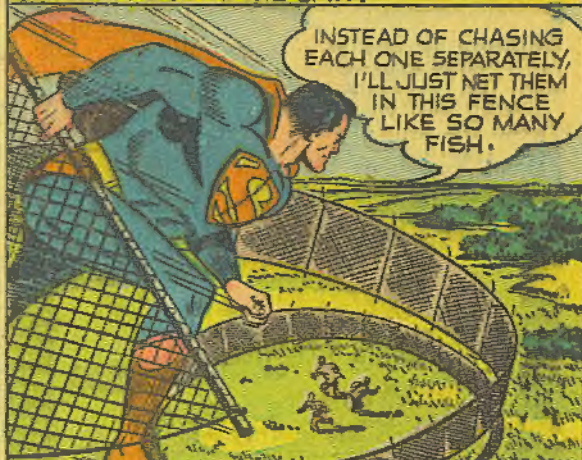
QUICK--LET'S SEPARATE. AT LEAST SOME OF US MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE TO GET AWAY!

YEAH--MAYBE. BUT I SURE WISH I WAS IN AFRICA!



AND NO WONDER--FOR THE MAN OF STEEL HIMSELF IS ABOUT TO BRING SWIFT JUSTICE TO VIOLATORS OF THE LAW!

INSTEAD OF CHASING EACH ONE SEPARATELY, I'LL JUST NET THEM IN THIS FENCE LIKE SO MANY FISH.



THEN, SHORTLY AFTER, AS HE CARTS THE HOODLUMS OFF TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

TODAY'S LITTLE ROUND-UP IS GOING TO MAKE QUITE A DENT IN THE NATIONAL CRIME SYNDICATE THAT'S BEEN SO ACTIVE IN ALL OUR BIG CITIES LATELY.



THAT AFTERNOON, AT THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE.

FRANKLY, CLARK, ANYONE COULD'VE MANAGED THIS EXPOSE WITH SUPERMAN PROTECTING HIM!

YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS, LOIS. WHY, I COULD GET A BETTER TESTIMONIAL FROM THE SYNDICATE ITSELF THAN FROM YOU!

DAILY PLANET
EXPOSE BY REPORTER CLARK KENT
BRINGS SUPERMAN ROUND-UP
OF SYNDICATE MOBSTERS!



AND LITTLE DOES CLARK REALIZE HOW TRUE HIS WORDS ARE, FOR AT THAT VERY MOMENT, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF METROPOLIS...

HERE IT IS, KINGPIN. COPIES OF THIS'LL BE DISTRIBUTED THROUGH THE UNDERWORLD OF EVERY BIG TOWN IN THE COUNTRY.

WANTED
THE UNDERWORLD!
\$100,000 REWARD FOR
CLARK KENT DEAD OR ALIVE.



HM--THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WRONG WITH IT.

PRINT IT UP LIKE THIS. KENT'LL BE AN EXAMPLE TO SUPERMAN THAT THE SYNDICATE CAN FIGHT HIM THROUGH HIS FRIENDS. AND WE DON'T INTEND TO SPARE ANY EXPENSE.

KENT DEAD OR ALIVE



NEXT DAY--A ROOM IN A LARGE MID-WEST CITY...

FOR TEN YEARS, YOUR GENIUS WITH DYNAMITE AND GAS HAS BEEN WASTED ON SMALL-TIME JOBS. BUT THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY!

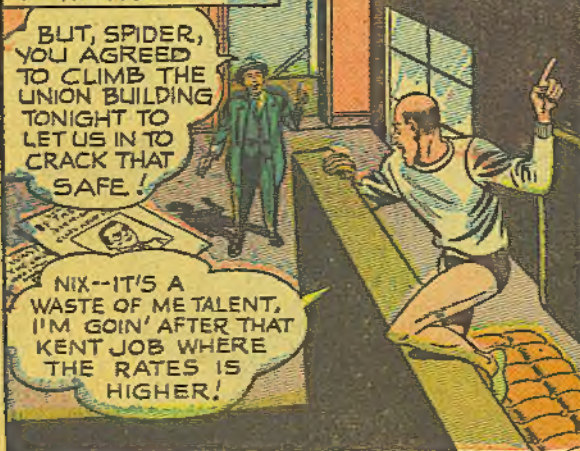
CHECK, MAZIE, FOR A HUNDRED GRAND, EVEN SUPERMAN DON'T SCARE ME. THIS KENT CHARACTER IS MY PIGEON!



AND ALL OVER THE NATION, THE HUGE REWARD DRAWS UNDERWORLD TALENT TO METROPOLIS...

BUT, SPIDER, YOU AGREED TO CLIMB THE UNION BUILDING TONIGHT TO LET US IN TO CRACK THAT SAFE!

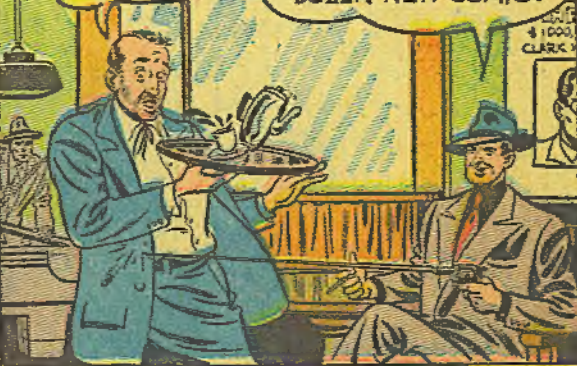
NIX--IT'S A WASTE OF ME TALENT, I'M GOIN' AFTER THAT KENT JOB WHERE THE RATES IS HIGHER!



WHILE SOMEWHERE IN THE DEEP SOUTH...

AW, NOW, TRIGGER--IT'S NO JOKE TO GO SHOOTIN' ALL THE BUTTONS OFF MY COAT!

RELAX, GROBIE. WHEN I COME BACK FROM METROPOLIS WITH THAT HUNDRED G'S, I'LL BUY YA A DOZEN NEW COATS!



NEXT MORNING, AS CLARK AND LOIS CARRY OUT A ROUTINE ASSIGNMENT...

NOW, AS BOOKKEEPER FOR THE RAILROAD, DO YOU THINK THIS FARE RAISE IS JUSTIFIED?

HERE--THESE BOOKS'LL SHOW WHY IT'S NECESSARY.



SUDDENLY...

KENT--YOU'VE WROTE YER LAST STORY!

EEK! CLARK!

HUH?



AS THE UNEXPECTED BULLET BOUNCES UNSEEN OFF HIS BODY, CLARK REELS AGAINST THE BOOKKEEPER AND...

CLARK! OH--CLARK!

HAVE TO MAKE IT LOOK AS IF I'M SHOT--OR MY IDENTITY AS SUPERMAN IS EXPOSED. AH--THIS PEN I GOT FROM THE BOOKKEEPER'S POCKET...



CLARK'S SWIFT FINGERS HAVE MADE INGENUOUS USE OF THE BOOKKEEPER'S PEN...



OH-- CLARK--
--YOUR ARM!
I'LL PHONE
A DOCTOR!

IT'S
NOT VERY
SERIOUS.

LUCKY THIS
BOOKKEEPER KEEPS
ONE PEN FILLED
WITH RED
INK!

WAIT--IT'LL BE
FASTER IF I GET TO
A DOCTOR MYSELF.
MEANWHILE, YOU
FINISH THAT INTER-
VIEW, I'M ALL
RIGHT.

WELL--IF
YOU'RE SURE--
BUT-- BE
CAREFUL!



OUTSIDE, CLARK SWIFTLY BECOMES SUPERMAN AND MAKES A VAIN EFFORT TO TRAIL THE GUNMAN...



HMM--NO
CHANCE OF FINDING
THAT KILLER IN THIS MOB,
BUT, ANYWAY, I MANAGED
TO PROTECT MY IDENTITY.
NEXT TIME, IT MAY NOT BE SO
EASY--ESPECIALLY IF THAT
ATTACK MEANS THAT THE
SYNDICATE IS OUT TO
GET CLARK KENT.

NEXT MORNING, AT THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE, SUPERMAN'S FEAR IS CONFIRMED...



WAIT--CLARK. THIS
HANDBILL WAS FOUND
IN AN UNDERWORLD
POLICE RAID LAST
NIGHT. SEEMS THAT
THE SYNDICATE IS
REALLY GUNNING
FOR YOU.

\$100,000!
A LOT
MORE THAN
THE DAILY
PLANET THINKS
I'M WORTH!

NOW, CLARK, THE
DAILY PLANET THINKS
A LOT OF YOU. TAKE
A LOOK OVER
TOWARD THE
CURB.



THERE IT IS--
YOUR OWN
PRIVATE
BULLET-
PROOF
LIMOUSINE!

AND HERE'S
A GIFT
FROM ME--
A BULLET-
PROOF
VEST!

WHY--WHY--BUT
I DON'T NEED--
ER--THAT IS--
THANKS! I--I
GUESS I'LL BE
PLENTY SAFE
NOW!



BUT THAT EVENING, AS CLARK KEEPS A DATE WITH LOIS...

HAVING THE SYNDICATE GUNNING FOR YOU HAS SOME COMPENSATIONS. A DATE IN THIS LIMOUSINE'S MUCH NICER THAN A CREAKY OLD TAXI!

NOT TO MENTION THAT I CAN TAKE YOU OUT WITHOUT EXPOSING YOU TO DANGER!



CLARK, APPARENTLY, HAS NOT NOTICED THE CAR FOLLOWING DIRECTLY BEHIND...

MUCH GOOD THAT BULLET-PROOF JOB'LL DO HIM! THIS SPECIAL GAS-BOMB'LL FINISH HIM AN' HIS LADY-FRIEND IN TWO-MINUTES FLAT! I'M SET NOW. PASS 'EM CLOSE!

RIGHT!



AS THE SECOND CAR DRAWS ALONGSIDE THE FIRST...

THE BOMB CLAMPS OVER THE VENTILATOR AND SENDS ENOUGH GAS HISsing INTO THE CAR TO FINISH 'EM BEFORE THEY CAN DO ANYTHING!



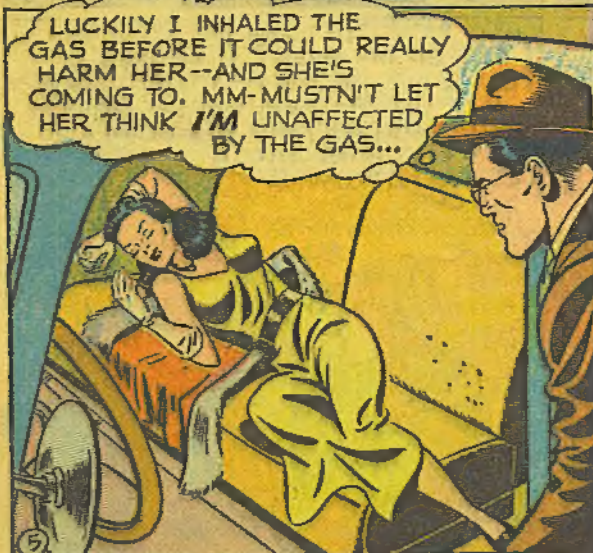
HUH? NOW WHAT?

THAT GADGET HE CLAMPED ON THE VENTILATOR SMELLS LIKE --LIKE GAS! WHY--LOIS! LOIS!

CLARK-- I-I- OH-H-H-H...



LUCKILY I INHALED THE GAS BEFORE IT COULD REALLY HARM HER--AND SHE'S COMING TO. MM-MUSTN'T LET HER THINK I'M UNAFFECTED BY THE GAS...

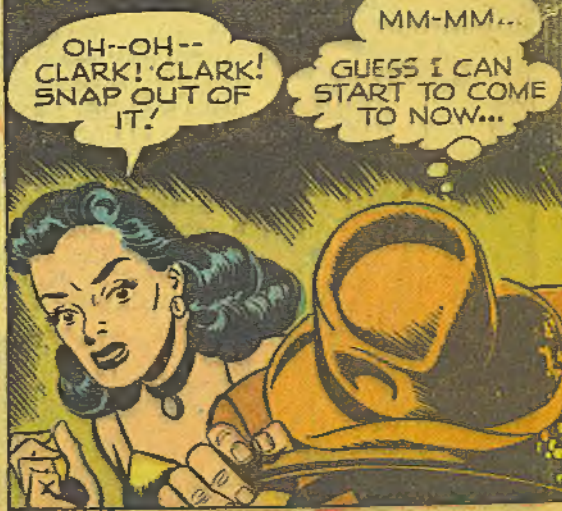


SO, AS LOIS REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

OH-OH-- CLARK! CLARK! SNAP OUT OF IT!

MM-MM...

GUESS I CAN START TO COME TO NOW...





ER--GOSH--
APPARENTLY THAT
POISON GAS WASN'T
VERY STRONG. WE
WERE PRETTY
LUCKY, LOIS.

YES--SO
LUCKY THAT
YOU EVEN
MANAGED TO
STOP THE CAR
WHILE PASSING
OUT. QUITE A
FEAT.



UH-UH--SHE SOUNDS PRETTY
SUSPICIOUS ABOUT THAT. IF THESE
SYNDICATE ATTACKS KEEP UP, MY
IDENTITY'S BOUND TO BE EXPOSED.
SOMEHOW I'VE GOT TO NAB THE
SYNDICATE BOSS BEFORE
THAT HAPPENS.



BUT ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AS
SUPERMAN RESPONDS TO A MESSAGE
FROM PERRY WHITE--A NEW COMPLICATION!

AH--YOU FINALLY GOT
MY MESSAGE, **SUPERMAN**.
LISTEN--YOU'VE SIMPLY
GOT TO GIVE UP EVERY
THING ELSE AND KEEP
AN EYE ON CLARK. HE'S
IN SERIOUS DANGER.

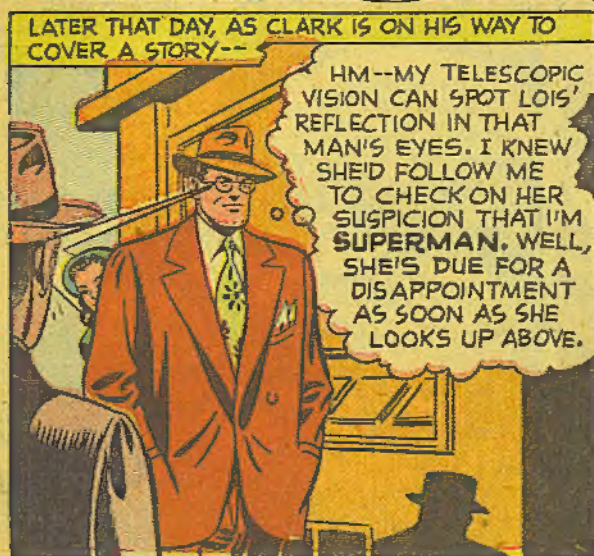
YES--YOU CAN'T
COUNT ON CLARK'S
LUCK ALL THE
TIME.



--OR
CAN
YOU?

NOW WHAT
DID SHE MEAN
BY THAT?

MM--LOIS IS MORE
SUSPICIOUS THAN I
THOUGHT. WELL, I'LL
JUST HAVE TO CONVINCE
HER SHE'S WRONG!



LATER THAT DAY, AS CLARK IS ON HIS WAY TO
COVER A STORY--

HM--MY TELESCOPIC
VISION CAN SPOT LOIS'
REFLECTION IN THAT
MAN'S EYES. I KNEW
SHE'D FOLLOW ME
TO CHECK ON HER
SUSPICION THAT I'M
SUPERMAN. WELL,
SHE'S DUE FOR A
DISAPPOINTMENT
AS SOON AS SHE
LOOKS UP ABOVE.

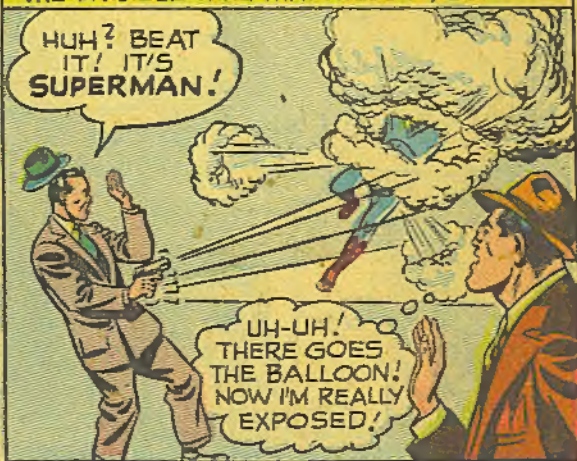


I WON'T LET HIM
OUT OF MY SIGHT
UNTIL I'VE PROVEN--
WHY--WHY--THERE'S
SUPERMAN! AND
HE'S WATCHING CLARK
JUST AS HE PROMISED
THE CHIEF. SO--I
WAS WRONG, AFTER
ALL...

CLARK AND **SUPERMAN** AT THE SAME TIME? YES--BUT THE TRICK IS ABOUT TO BE EXPOSED AS--



HOPING TO FRIGHTEN THE CROOKS OFF IN TIME, CLARK YANKS THE BALLOON DOWN BY THE INVISIBLE WIRE THAT HOLDS IT, BUT--



BUT SCARCELY HAVE THEIR BULLETS SHATTERED THE BALLOON TO NOTHINGNESS, WHEN THE THUGS ALL FLEE IN TERROR!



YES--IT LOOKS AS IF THE PRECIOUS SECRET IS OUT AT LAST. SO--AS LOIS COMES RUNNING UP...



THE WAY HE ZOOMED DOWN WHEN THOSE CROOKS STARTED TO FIRE. THEN--SUDDENLY HE DISAPPEARED--OBVIOUSLY WHIRLING AROUND YOU AT SUPERSPEED TO SHIELD YOU FROM THOSE BULLETS.



IS--IS THAT WHAT-ER--HAPPENED? I MEAN--YOU DON'T THINK THAT I'M--ER--



A CLOSE CALL FOR **SUPERMAN'S** IDENTITY. BUT WHAT ABOUT NEXT TIME? AT THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

WHAT CAN I DO FOR-- WHY-- IT'S **CLARK!** HOW COME?

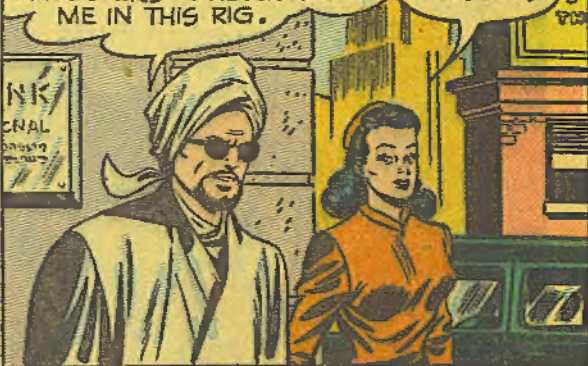
THE CHIEF'S IDEA. SINCE WE'RE COVERING THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE CONFERENCE WHERE ODD COSTUMES WILL BE COMMON, HE FIGURED I'D BE SAFER THIS WAY. LET'S GET GOING.



SHORTLY AFTER, ON THE STREET...

ANYWAY, **SUPERMAN** DOESN'T HAVE TO SPEND HIS VALUABLE TIME GUARDING ME TODAY. THE SYNDICATE MOBSTERS'LL NEVER NOTICE ME IN THIS RIG.

I MUST ADMIT I FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE IT'S YOU, MYSELF!



BUT SUDDENLY...

OKAY, KENT--YOU AIN'T FOOLIN' NOBODY IN THAT YOGI TUXEDO! INTO THE CAR--BOTH OF YOU!

HUH?

OHH!



HOW'D YOU EVER KNOW IT WAS ME?

WHEN YOUR BOSS ORDERED THIS RIG FROM THE COSTUME SHOP, THE OWNER, BEIN' ONE OF OUR BOYS, TIPPED US OFF. IT DIDN'T TAKE NO SHERLOCK HOLMES TO FIGURE WHO THE DISGUISE WAS FOR.



TWENTY-MINUTES LATER, AT A NEARBY HIDEOUT...

PLEASE-- PLEASE-- LET HIM GO!

SHADDUP! YOU'D GET IT, TOO, ONLY WE'RE KEEPIN' YOU FER INSURANCE AGAINST **SUPERMAN**. SEE THEM BULLETS IN THE WALL? KENT AIN'T THE FIRST TO BE RUBBED OUT DOWN HERE.



THEN, SUDDENLY, AS THE ORDER FOR CLARK'S EXECUTION IS UTTERED...

OKAY--LET HIM HAVE IT! HUH? THE LIGHTS!

THE BULB MUSTA BLOWN. I'LL FIX IT!

A MINUTE LATER, AS THE LIGHT IS RESTORED...

YEP--IT WAS A BUSTED BULB. ALL RIGHT, NOW--LET HIM HAVE IT. WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY!

HERE GOES! THE SHOT THAT'S WORTH A HUNDRED GRAND!

EE-EEE!



THEN, AS LOIS BENDS OVER THE PRONE FIGURE...

WHY--WHY--THIS ISN'T CLARK! IT'S ONLY A BUNDLE OF RAGS!

COME AWAY, YOU--OR--HUH??



LATER, AFTER HAVING TURNED THE THUGS OVER TO THE POLICE...

BUT IF YOU WERE WATCHING ALL THE TIME, WHY DIDN'T YOU BREAK IN RIGHT AWAY?

I KEPT HOPING THEY'D MENTION WHERE THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SYNDICATE WAS. SO I HELD OFF AS LONG AS I COULD!



ALL WE DO NOW IS CUT HIM DOWN AND DELIVER HIM TO SYNDICATE HEAD-QUARTERS! HEY--HOLD THAT DAME BACK!

CLARK! CLARK! OH--CLARK! (SOB)



THAT'S RIGHT--RAGS I STUFFED INTO THAT COSTUME AFTER I THREW A PELLET FROM OUTSIDE TO BREAK THE BULB AND EXTINGUISH THE LIGHTS. IN THE DARKNESS I GOT CLARK LOOSE!

S-SUPERMAN! WE'RE SUNK!



GOSH--AND I THOUGHT CLARK WAS DEAD! WHAT AN AWFUL EXPERIENCE!

SHE'LL NEVER KNOW HOW, AS CLARK, I GOUGED ONE OF THOSE BULLETS FROM THE WALL JUST UNDER MY BOUND WRISTS AND FLIPPED IT LIKE A MARBLE TO DOUSE THE LIGHTS.



LATER THAT DAY, AT HIS HOME, A WORRIED SUPERMAN PACES THE FLOOR...

ONCE MORE I SAVED MY SECRET IDENTITY BY BURSTING MY BONDS AFTER I DOUSED THAT LIGHT. THEN, I SWIFTLY SUBSTITUTED A DUMMY SO I COULD APPEAR AS SUPERMAN, BUT-- WHERE DOES IT GET ME?

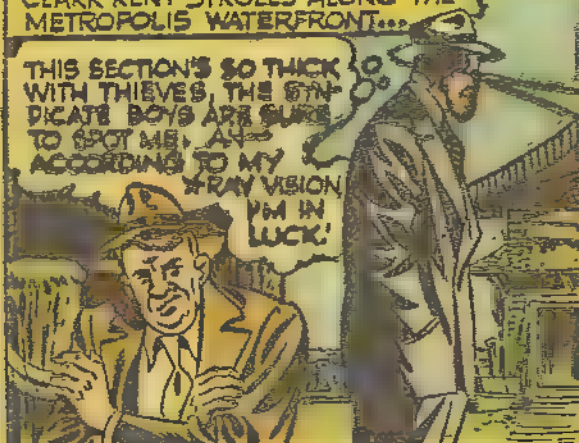


SOONER OR LATER, I'M BOUND TO BE EXPOSED UNLESS I CAN CRUSH THE SYNDICATE FAST. HM--SINCE MY IDENTITY'S AT STAKE ANYWAY-- I MAY AS WELL REALLY RISK IT IN ONE DARING MOVE TO TRAP THE HEAD GUY!



WHAT BOLD SCHEME IS SUPERMAN SHAPING? LET'S SEE AS, SOME HOURS LATER, CLARK KENT STROLLS ALONG THE METROPOLIS WATERFRONT...

THIS SECTION'S SO THICK WITH THIEVES, THE SYNDICATE BOYS ARE SURE TO SPOT ME. AND ACCORDING TO MY X-RAY VISION I'M IN LUCK!



A STRANGE KIND OF LUCK--BUT APPARENTLY ALL ACCORDING TO CLARK'S PLAN...

NOW!

LET HIM HAVE IT!



THEN, AS THE HOODLUMS EXAMINE THEIR SEEMINGLY UNCONSCIOUS VICTIM...

WAIT! THIS MIRROR HELD TO HIS MOUTH DON'T FOG. HE AIN'T BREATHIN'! THOSE RAPS ON THE HEAD FINISHED HIM!

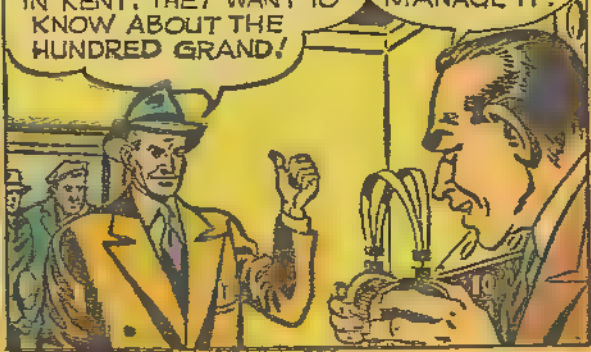
WHEW! STOPPING MY BREATH DID THE TRICK. IF THEY'D TRIED TO USE THAT KNIFE--I'D HAVE BEEN EXPOSED!



AND SO, AN HOUR LATER--AT LONG LAST--CLARK, FEIGNING DEATH, FINDS HIMSELF CARRIED INTO THE CENTRAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE SYNDICATE!

KINGPIN--THE WATERFRONT BOYS ARE BRINGING IN KENT! THEY WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE HUNDRED GRAND!

WHAT? IS IT REALLY KENT? HOW'D THEY MANAGE IT?



BUT, AS THE HOODLUMS TELL HOW THEY NABBED THEIR VICTIM...

YOU BOOBS! CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT THIS COULD MEAN? WOULD HE RISK WALKING UNPROTECTED THROUGH THAT DISTRICT? NO! IT'S A TRICK! SO HE COULD FIND ME AND THIS HEAD-QUARTERS! HE COULD EVEN BE SUPERMAN!

UM-M-- IS MY SECRET TO BE LOST AFTER ALL?

TH-THAT'S RIGHT, SUPERMAN COULD'VE STOPPED HIS BREATH! I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE!

HOLD IT, YOU IDIOTS. DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY, IF HE IS SUPERMAN?

IF HE IS-- TH--THERE'S A QUICK WAY TO F-FIND OUT!

AS CLARK AGAIN FACES CERTAIN EXPOSURE THROUGH THE BULLET THAT WILL SURELY GLANCE OFF HIS IMPENETRABLE BODY...

HOLD IT! NO SHOTS IN HERE THAT MAY BE HEARD OUTSIDE! THIS CABLE, WHICH IS SECRETLY LINKED TO THE CITY'S MAIN LINE, SHOULD SETTLE IT! IT SUPPLIES POWER FOR OUR COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM AND PACKS A HALF MILLION VOLTS!

THEN, AS THE KINGPIN STOOPS TO SEND THE RAGING CURRENT THROUGH CLARK'S STILL FORM...

IF KENT IS SUPERMAN, THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT NOW! IF NOT--WELL--WE'LL MAKE SURE HE'S DEAD! NO ORDINARY MAN CAN LIVE AFTER ABSORBING HALF A MILLION VOLTS!

YES, READER--NO ORDINARY MAN COULD. WILL CLARK EVER BE ABLE TO REVIVE AGAIN WITHOUT REVEALING THAT HE'S SUPERMAN?

WELL, GENTS--HIS HEART'S NOT BEATING, THAT'S CERTAIN! HE'S EITHER DEAD--OR HE'S SUPERMAN!

?

WAIT AND SEE!

SUDDENLY...

ALL RIGHT--REACH--ALL OF YOU!

HUH? THE COPS! WE--WE'RE FINISHED!

LOOK, SARGE--IT'S KENT! WE'RE TOO LATE!



WITH THE SURPRISE RAID NETTING THE KINGPIN ALONG WITH THE FILES OF HIS WHOLE ORGANIZATION, THE POLICE PULMOTOR SQUAD WORKS GRIMLY OVER CLARK--

HA--ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION WON'T HELP HIM! HIS HEART'S STOPPED!

YEAH? MEN HAVE BEEN REVIVED BEFORE WITH THEIR HEARTS STOPPED. MAYBE IT'LL HAPPEN AGAIN!



SEE--SEE? HE'S BEGINNING TO BREATHE! HIS EYES ARE FLUTTERING!

BUT--THAT MEANS--
KENT MUST BE SUPERMAN,
AFTER ALL! NO ONE ELSE COULD'VE SURVIVED HALF A MILLION VOLTS!



TRUE WORDS, INDEED. BUT AFTER CLARK ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE REVIVED, HE REVEALS HIS FINAL MASTER-STROKE.

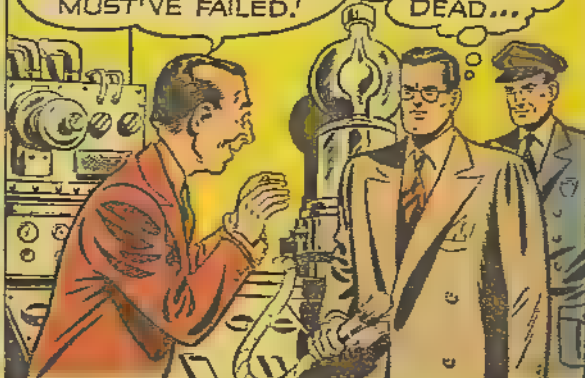
HALF A MILLION VOLTS IN THIS CABLE? WHY--THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, KINGPIN. AND TO PROVE IT--HERE!!

NO--NO!!
I--OOCH!



HUH? I--I'M ALL RIGHT. THAT CABLE COULDN'T CONTAIN MORE THAN FIFTY VOLTS. OUR MAIN TRANSFORMER MUST'VE FAILED!

HE'LL NEVER GUESS MY X-RAY VISION BURNT IT OUT WHILE I WAS PLAYING DEAD...

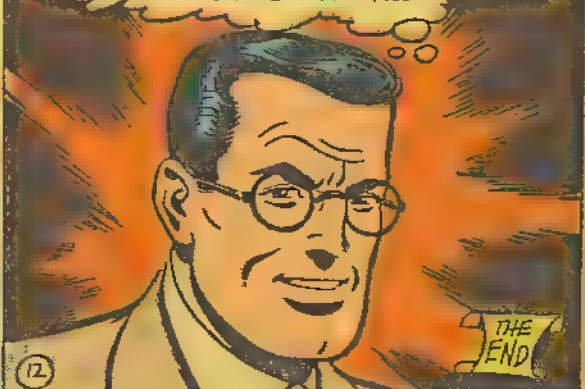


AND SO--AS THE TRAPPED CROOKS ARE LED OUT--THE POLICE SERGEANT GIVES HIS OWN VERSION OF ONE OTHER PUZZLING CIRCUMSTANCE...

THAT EXPLAINS HOW WE GOT TIPPED OFF TO THIS PLACE! THE LOCATION SIGNAL ON THE POLICE BURGLAR ALARM BOARD MUST'VE BEEN ACCIDENTALLY SET OFF BY THE SUDDEN VOLTAGE RISE FROM THIS AREA WHEN YOUR TRANSFORMER BURNED OUT!



POSSIBLE, BUT UNLIKELY. ACTUALLY, MY TELESCOPIC X-RAY VISION CONTACTED THE PROPER WIRE ON THE ALARM BOARD. BUT, IT'S POETIC JUSTICE TO LET THOSE CROOKS THINK THEIR OWN APPARATUS BETRAYED THEM...



Tommy TOMORROW

WHEN COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW UNDERTAKES A CONFIDENTIAL MISSION IN PLAIN CLOTHES, HE FINDS THAT HE HAS BOARDED A SPACE-SHIP OF DESTINY! FOR, ON THE GREAT SPACE-LINER, HE MUST TRACK DOWN AN UNKNOWN CRIMINAL WHO HAS STOLEN A SCIENTIFIC SECRET OF FEARFUL POWER! AND WHEN THAT AWFUL SECRET BREAKS LOOSE, THE FATEFUL VOYAGE BRINGS INNOCENT AND GUILTY ALIKE TO THE DOOM THAT ENGULFS...

"CASTAWAY WORLD!"



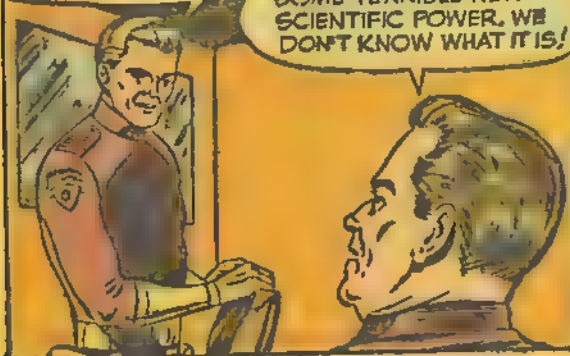
ONLY A SERIOUS EMERGENCY COULD MAKE THE COMMANDER OF THE PLANETEERS CALL TOMMY TOMORROW AWAY FROM SPACE-DUTY!

BUT, SIR, WHAT IS THIS SECRET MISSION YOU'RE SENDING ME ON?

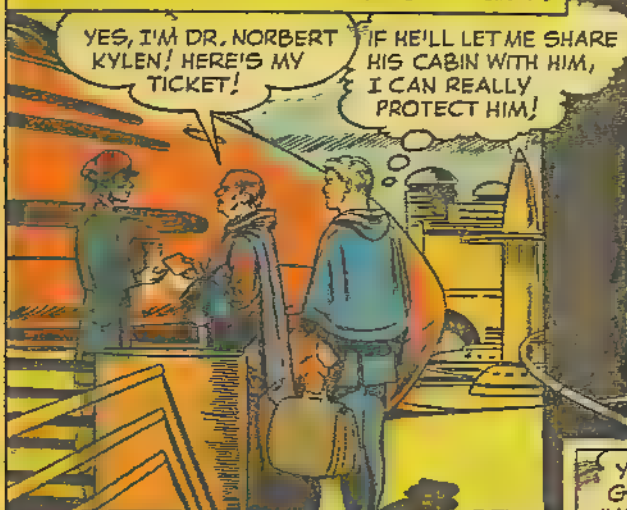
IT'S A VITAL MATTER, COLONEL TOMORROW! RECENTLY, DOCTOR KYLEN, A SCIENTIST, DISCOVERED SOME TERRIBLE NEW SCIENTIFIC POWER. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS!

KYLEN IS GOING TO JUPITER ON THE LINER *SPACE QUEEN*, TO TEST HIS SECRET ON SOME UNINHABITED MOON! YOU WILL GO ALSO, IN PLAIN CLOTHES, TO MAKE SURE THAT SECRET ISN'T STOLEN!

I'LL DO MY BEST, SIR!



LATER, A WEALTHY YOUNG PLAYBOY LISTED AS "THOMAS MORROW" BOARDS THE GREAT LINER!



YES, I'M DR. NORBERT KYLEN! HERE'S MY TICKET!

IF HE'LL LET ME SHARE HIS CABIN WITH HIM, I CAN REALLY PROTECT HIM!

BUT THE SCIENTIST, WHEN TOMMY REVEALS HIS IDENTITY, REFUSES PROTECTION!

SO YOU'RE REALLY A PLANETEER AGENT! WELL, I DON'T WANT YOUR HELP! I WON'T EVEN TELL THE GOVERNMENT MY SECRET! IT'S TOO TERRIBLE!

THAT'S WHY WE DON'T WANT CRIMINALS TO GET IT! ANYWAY, I'LL GET THE CABIN NEXT TO YOURS!

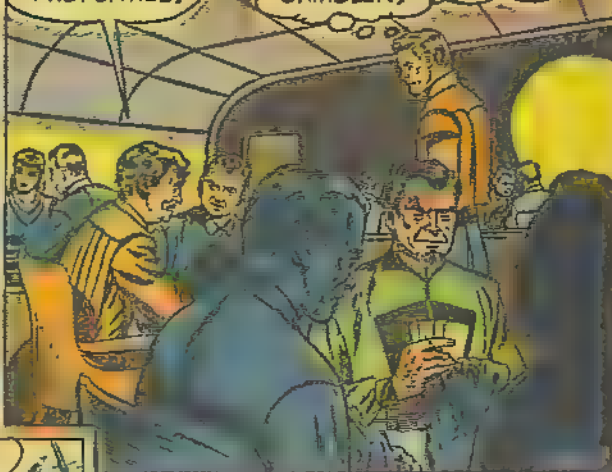


I'D BETTER WATCH THESE PEOPLE WHO ALSO HAVE CABINS NEAR KYLEN! THAT GIRL IS LISTED AS MARCIA MAYNE -- A SOCIETY GIRL, ON A PLEASURE TOUR!



YES, I'M GOING TO INSPECT MY JOVIAN PROPERTIES!

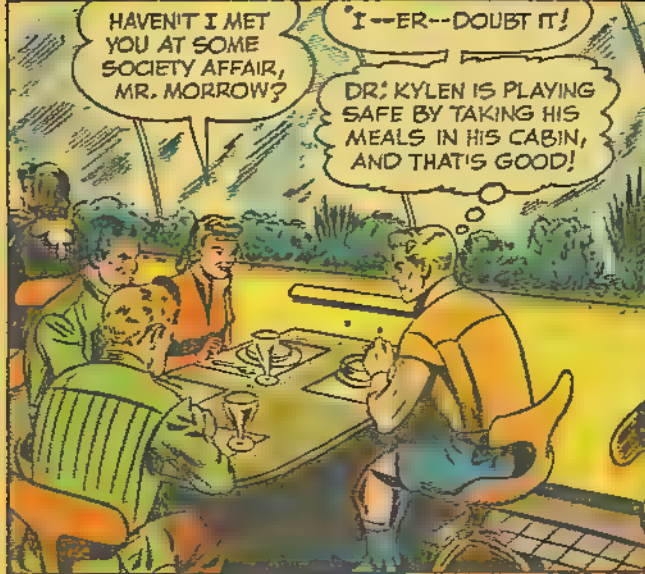
WILSON ENNIS SEEMS TO BE REALLY A BUSINESSMAN -- WHILE JAN TRASK IS OBVIOUSLY AN INTERPLANETARY GAMBLER!



HAVEN'T I MET YOU AT SOME SOCIETY AFFAIR, MR. MORROW?

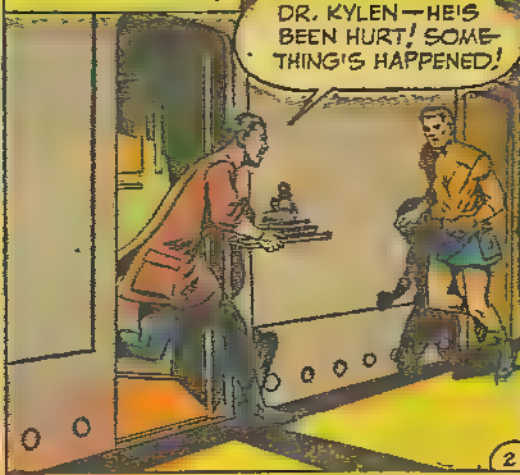
I -- ER -- DOUBT IT!

DR. KYLEN IS PLAYING SAFE BY TAKING HIS MEALS IN HIS CABIN, AND THAT'S GOOD!



BUT, LATER, CORRIDOR B-2 ECHOES TO A CRY OF HORROR!

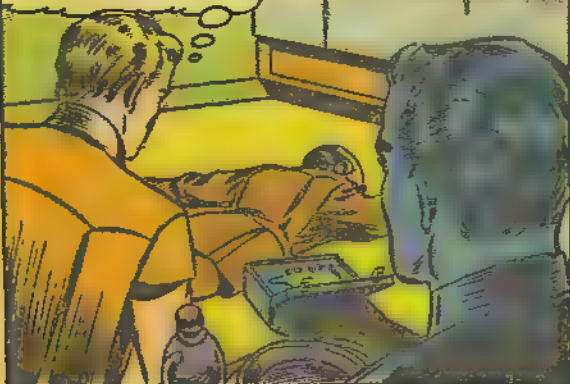
DR. KYLEN -- HE'S BEEN HURT! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED!



DR. KYLEN'S BEEN STUNNED AND HURT!

AND HIS CASE IS EMPTY! HIS SECRET, WHATEVER IT IS, HAS BEEN STOLEN!

HE WAS LIKE THAT WHEN I BROUGHT HIS DINNER IN!



MINUTES LATER...

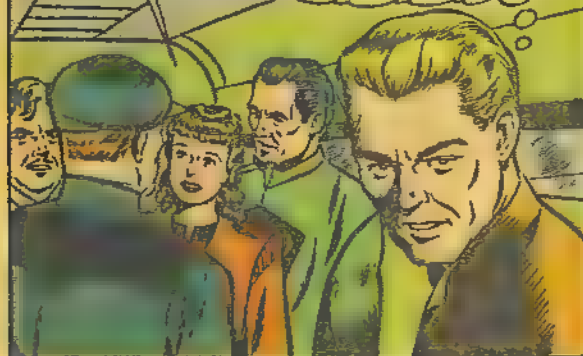
THE DOCTOR SAYS KYLEN IS IN A COMA, AND WON'T BE ABLE TO SPEAK FOR DAYS!

I'LL HAVE TO FIND THE CRIMINAL BEFORE WE REACH JUPITER! FUNNY, I CAN SMELL *PERFUME* IN HERE--MARTIAN CANAL-LILY SCENT!



WHAT HAPPENED? WE WERE IN OUR CABINS!

ALL THREE OF THEM WERE NEAR ENOUGH TO DO IT! I WONDER WHICH ONE IS GUILTY? BUT WAIT A MINUTE--WHERE'S THAT WAITER?



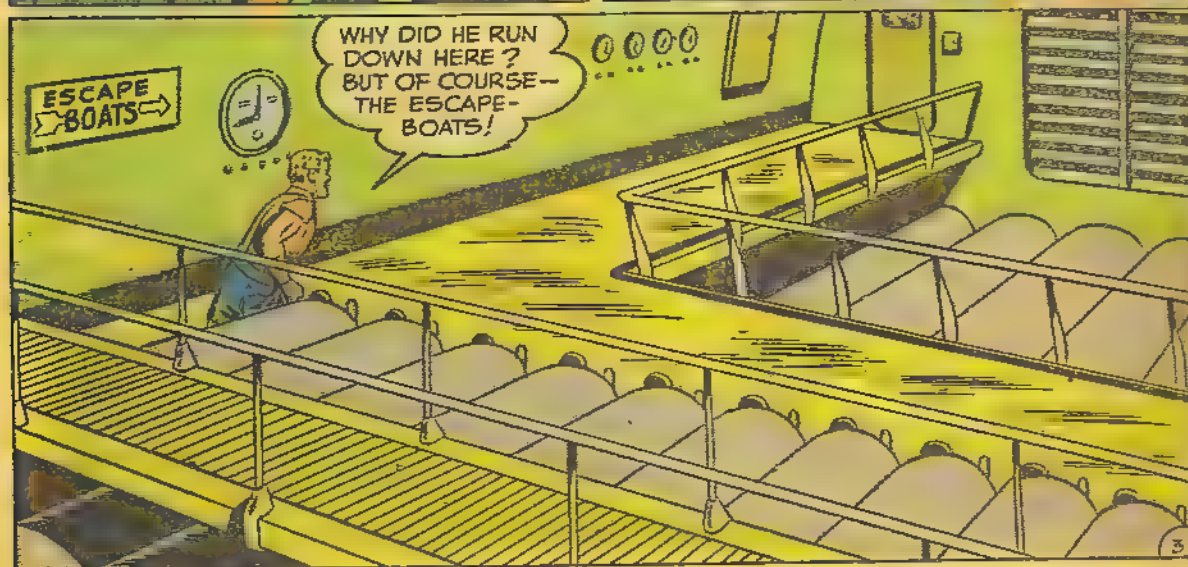
WAITER 34? HE JUST WENT DOWN TO THE ROCKET ENGINE ROOMS, IN A HURRY!

THANKS!



ESCAPE BOATS →

WHY DID HE RUN DOWN HERE? BUT OF COURSE--THE ESCAPE-BOATS!



BEFORE THE FUGITIVE CAN ESCAPE IN ONE OF THE EMERGENCY SPACE-BOATS...

SO YOU WERE RUNNING AWAY?

YES, BUT I'M NOT GUILTY! I HAVE A PRISON-RECORD, AND I KNEW THEY'D *THINK* I WAS GUILTY, SO I HAD TO ESCAPE!

AN INNOCENT MAN HAS NOTHING TO FEAR--AND SINCE THOSE DINNER-DISHES HADN'T *COOLED* YET, I THINK YOU'VE TOLD THE TRUTH!

MY ONLY CLUE IS THAT RARE MARTIAN PERFUME! I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THAT UP!

SOON...

WHO COULD HAVE COMMITTED THAT AWFUL CRIME? I'M FRIGHTENED!

DON'T WORRY, I'LL LOOK OUT FOR YOU!

WITH YOU, I FEEL SO SAFE!

THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I CAN FIND OUT ABOUT THAT PERFUME, SO IT'S ALL IN THE LINE OF DUTY! HERE GOES!

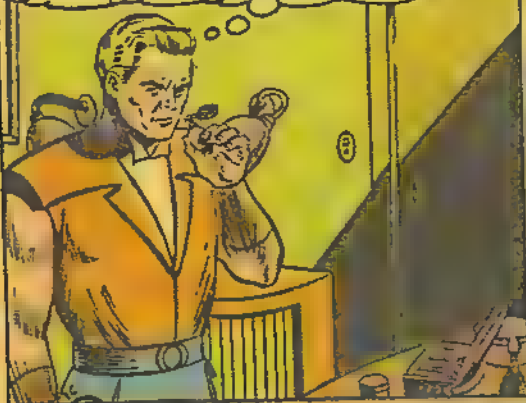
COME ON, THEY'RE HAVING A DANCE IN THE SALON!

IN A MINUTE!

SHE *DOES* USE THAT RARE MARTIAN SCENT! I'VE GOT TO GET TO HER CABIN FAST, WHILE SHE'S OUT OF IT!

IN MARCIA'S CABIN...

DR. KYLEN'S SECRET, WHATEVER IT IS, ISN'T HERE! BUT THIS PERFUME BOTTLE MAY HELP CINCH MY CASE!



PRESENTLY, IN THE SHIP'S GAY SALON...

I'VE FOUND OUT WHO SLUGGED KYLEN AND STOLE HIS SECRET!

YOU CAN'T PIN IT ON ME!

A GAMBLER COULD BE EXPECTED TO DO SUCH A THING!



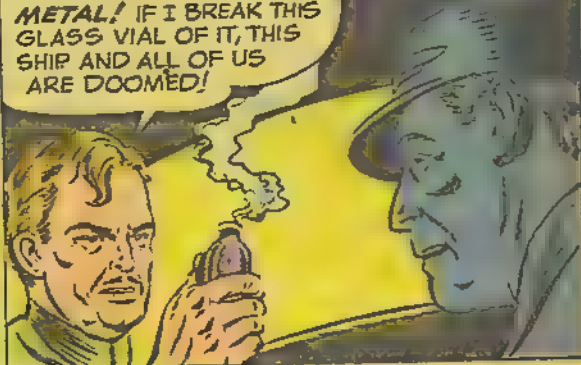
NO, ENNIS, YOU DID IT! AND YOU PLANTED A WHIFF OF MISS MAYNE'S PERFUME TO IMPLICATE HER! YOUR FINGERPRINTS, WHICH I GOT FROM YOUR DOOR-KNOB, ARE ON HER PERFUME-BOTTLE!

SO HE'S A FAKE BUSINESS-MAN!



YOU DAREN'T ARREST ME! THIS IS KYLEN'S SECRET-- A FUNGUS BLIGHT THAT INSTANTLY EATS UP ALL METAL! IF I BREAK THIS GLASS VIAL OF IT, THIS SHIP AND ALL OF US ARE DOOMED!

NONSENSE! IT'S A BLUFF!



BUT A DESPERATE CRIMINAL ACTS!

YOU'LL FIND OUT IF IT'S A BLUFF!

THE BLIGHT IS STARTING TO EAT THE METAL! QUICK, SOUND THE SPACE-SHIP ALARM! THE SPACE-SUITS ARE PLASTIC AND WON'T BE HARMED!

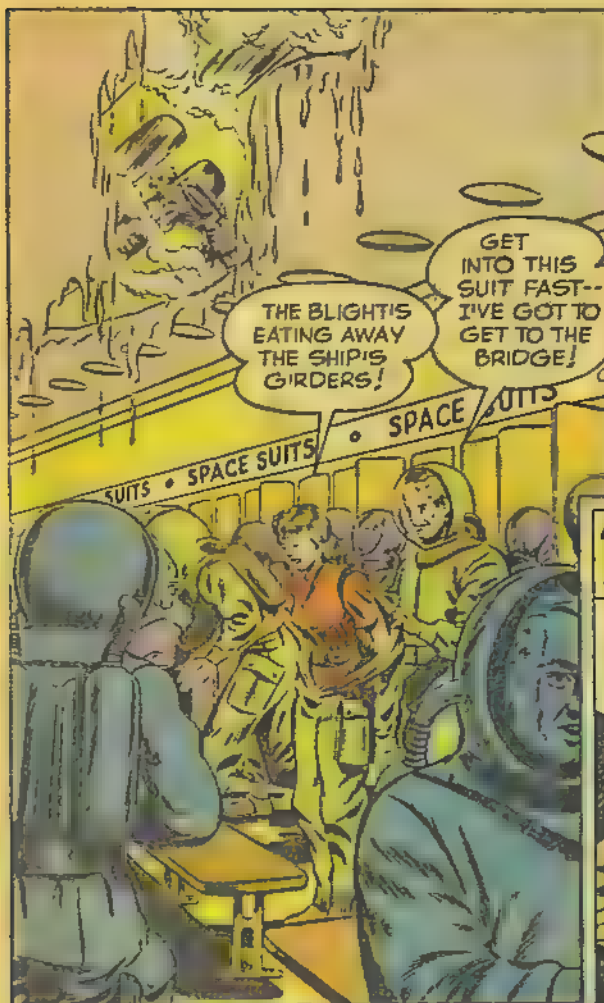


GAYETY IS STRICKEN BY THE MOST DREADED OF ALL SPACE-SHIP ALARMS!

CLANG! CLANG!

EVERYONE INTO THEIR SPACE-SUITS AT ONCE!





THE BLIGHT'S EATING AWAY THE SHIP'S GIRDERS!

GET INTO THIS SUIT FAST-- I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE BRIDGE!

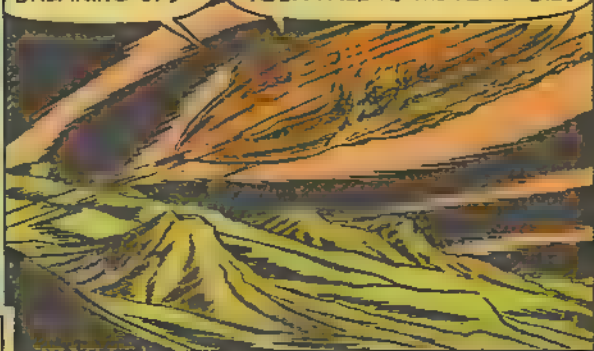
LET ME TAKE OVER-- THERE'S AN UNINHABITED ASTEROID NEAR HERE AND WE MAY REACH IT BEFORE THE SHIP CRACKS UP!

I'M AFRAID WE WON'T HAVE TIME ENOUGH!

AS TOMMY TOMORROW USES SUPREME SPACE-MANSHIP, THE GREAT LINER IS CRUMBLING BY THE METAL-EATING BLIGHT!

EVERYBODY'S IN SPACE-SUITS-- BUT THE SHIP IS BREAKING UP!

ABANDON SHIP AND JUMP, OR YOU'LL BE CAUGHT IN THE WRECKAGE! USE YOUR HAND-ROCKETS TO BREAK YOUR FALL TO THE ASTEROID!



I HELPED GET UNCONSCIOUS DR. KYLEN INTO A SUIT, TOO, AS YOU ASKED!

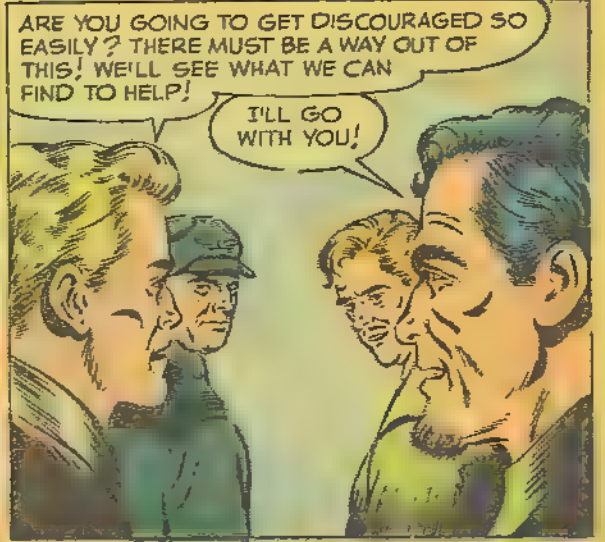
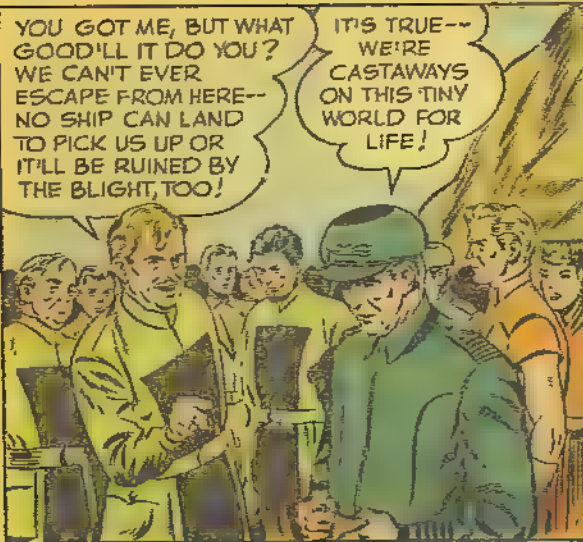
THEN HE'LL BE SAFE, TOO-- THE DOCTOR AND ORDERLIES WILL GET HIM OFF!



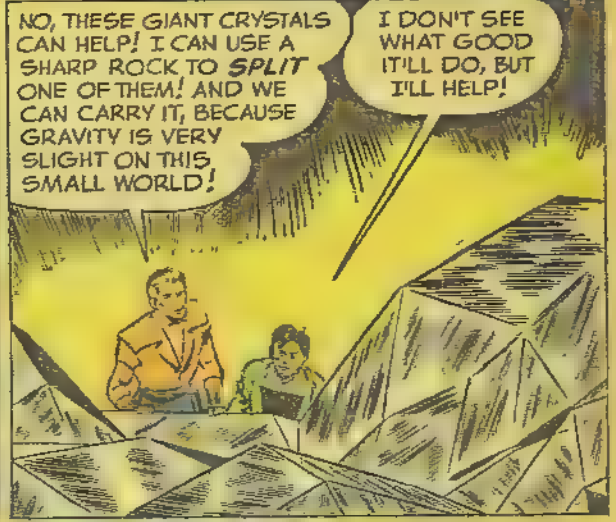
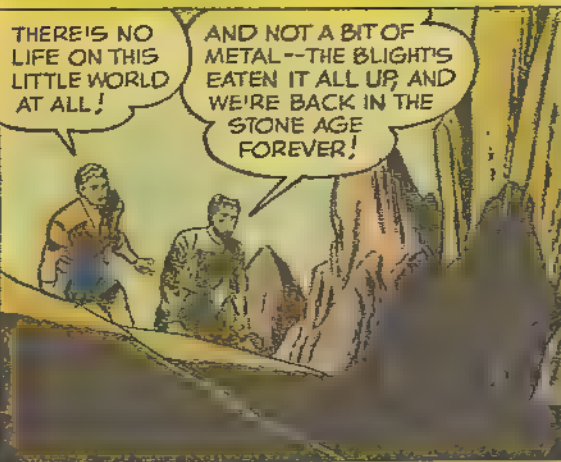
THERE'S THE WRECK, CRASHING NOW!

AND THE BLIGHT IN IT WILL SPREAD TILL IT EATS UP EVERY BIT OF METAL ON THIS LITTLE WORLD!



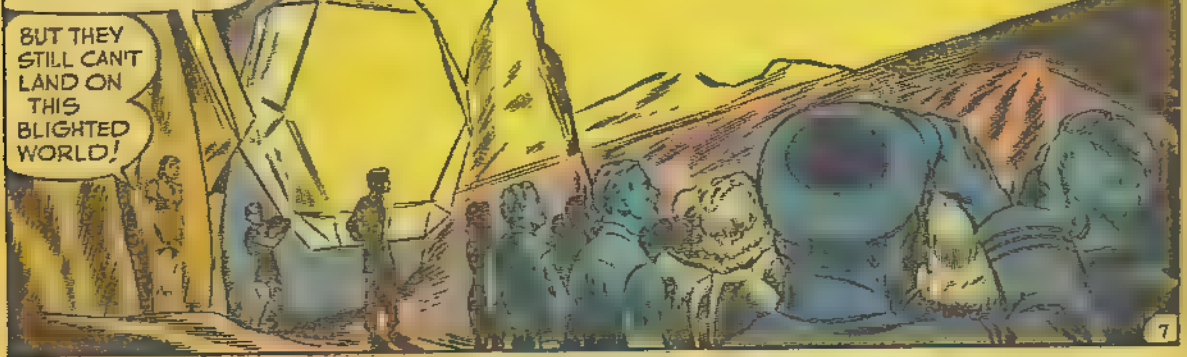


BEGINNING A DESPERATE EXPLORATION OF THE BARREN LITTLE WORLD'S RESOURCES...



SOON, HALF OF A GIANT CRYSTAL IS MOUNTED IN A STONE FRAMEWORK AND USED AS...

...A GIANT HELIOGRAPH, THAT MAKES SUCH A FLASH IT'LL BE SEEN BY PLANETEER SHIPS PASSING IN THE SHIP-LANE! I'M MESSAGING THEM OUR PLIGHT IN CODE!



AFTER A TENSE, LONG WAIT, PLANETEER SHIPS COME!

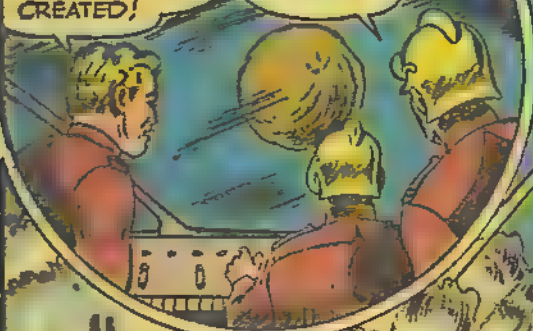


I WARNED THEM NOT TO LAND OR ENTER THE ATMOSPHERE, BUT TO LET DOWN NON-METALLIC ROPES! THEY CAN HAUL US UP IN OUR SPACE-SUITS, WITHOUT GETTING THE BLIGHT ON THEIR SHIPS!

IN THE PLANETEER SHIP...

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY IN WHICH WE CAN FOREVER DESTROY THE DREADFUL BLIGHT THAT DR. KYLEN CREATED!

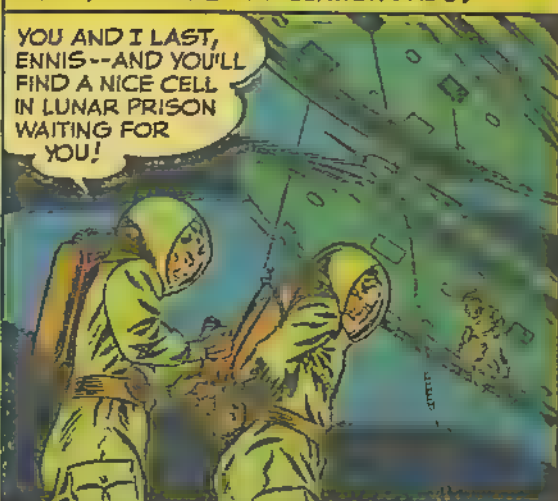
I AGREE! IT WILL PREVENT THE BLIGHT FROM EVER REACHING CIVILIZED WORLDS!



OUR COMBINED RAYS WILL **BURN** THE BLIGHT OUT OF EXISTENCE FOREVER!

AND DR. KYLEN HAD SUCH A TRAGIC EXPERIENCE, HE'LL NEVER TRY TO CREATE IT AGAIN!

SOON, A STRANGE EVACUATION ENDS!



YOU AND I LAST, ENNIS--AND YOU'LL FIND A NICE CELL IN LUNAR PRISON WAITING FOR YOU!



LATER, ON ARRIVAL BACK AT EARTH...

WILL I SEE YOU AGAIN, TOMMY?

WELL, IF "DUTY" DEMANDS IT, I WON'T REFUSE!



The End

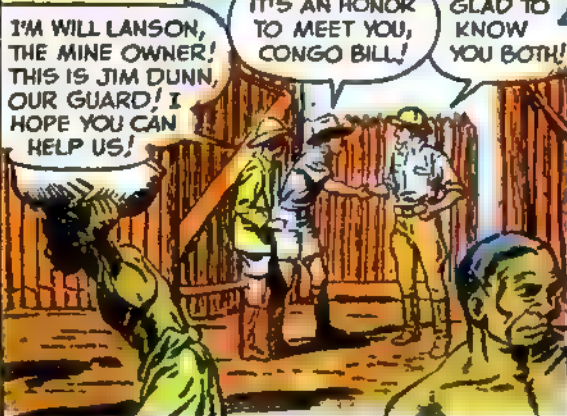
CONGO BILL

DO YOU WANT TO BE A DETECTIVE? SOLVE A REAL MYSTERY? THEN LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN HELP CONGO BILL, FAMOUS WORLD-WANDERING ADVENTURER, UNRAVEL THIS CASE, YOU'LL HAVE ALL THE CLUES, YOU'LL BE IN ON EVERY STEP OF BILL'S DANGER-PACKED INVESTIGATION OF THE DISAPPEARING DIAMONDS. SEE IF YOU CAN GUESS HOW THE GEMS ARE BEING SMUGGLED OUT OF A SMUGGLE-PROOF DIAMOND MINE. HERE YOU GO, DEEP INTO A SNAKE-INFESTED AFRICAN JUNGLE, WHERE YOU CAN MATCH WITS AGAINST POISON AND PLUNDERERS IN THE STORY OF...

"DIAMOND DOOM!"



AT AN ISOLATED OUTPOST IN AFRICA, CONGO BILL ARRIVES AT THE "JUNGLE QUEEN DIAMOND MINE" TO INVESTIGATE A LOSS CLAIM FOR WORLD-WIDE INSURANCE...



I'M WILL LANSON, THE MINE OWNER! THIS IS JIM DUNN, OUR GUARD! I HOPE YOU CAN HELP US!

IT'S AN HONOR TO MEET YOU, CONGO BILL!

GLAD TO KNOW YOU BOTH!

THE MINE OWNER TELLS OF A FORTUNE LOST EACH DAY AS UNCUT STONES VANISH MYSTERIOUSLY DESPITE ALL PRECAUTIONS...

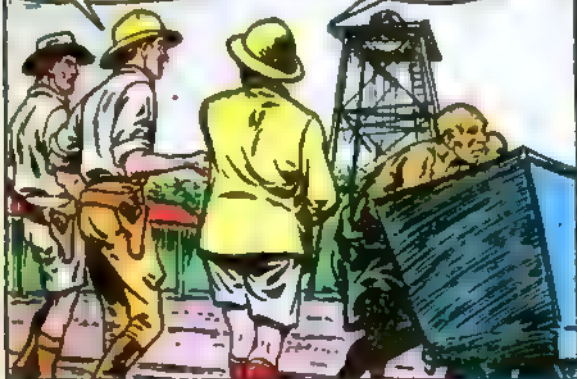


CONGO BILL, OUR BEST DIAMONDS DISAPPEAR AS FAST AS WE DIG THEM OUT OF THE GROUND! WE X-RAY ALL OUR WORKERS--AND CAN'T FIND A CLUE!

WELL, THAT'S WHY I'M HERE--TO SOLVE THAT MYSTERY!

THE "WHY?" PART IS EASY—GREED AND A THIEF!
"HOW?" THE THIEF OPERATES IS YOUR BIG QUESTION!

OUR INSURANCE WON'T EVEN COVER OUR LOSSES, I'M ABOUT LICKED...AND ALMOST BROKE!

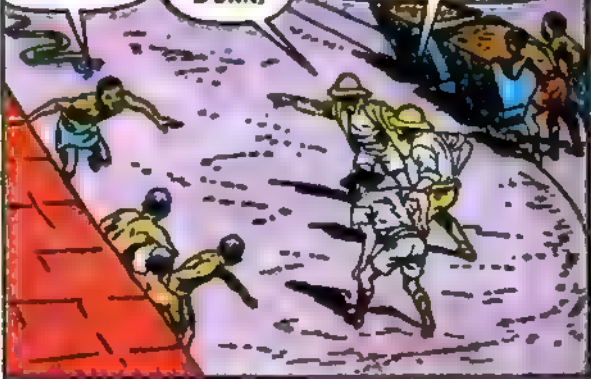


SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE GREEN JUNGLE, SLIDES A FANGED MESSENGER OF DEATH, COILING TO STRIKE...

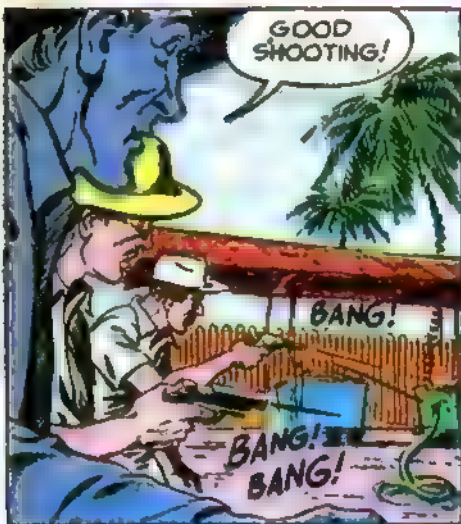
COBRA!

GET HIM, DUNN!

MIND IF I THROW IN A BULLET OF MY OWN?



GOOD SHOOTING!



NO, NOT SO GOOD, SIR. I MISSED MY FIRST SHOT. BILL DIDN'T!

I WAS JUST LUCKY, DUNN! A WEAVING TARGET AND SHADOW. I MIGHT HAVE USED MY WHOLE CLIP!



GOOD MAN, THAT DUNN. HE SHOOTS A DOZEN OF THOSE AFRICAN COBRAS EVERY DAY. THE JUNGLE JUST CRAWLS ALIVE WITH THEM. HARD TO KEEP OUR NATIVE DIGGERS HAPPY HERE!

AGAIN OUR THANKS TO THE FLAME SPEARS. WE STAY HERE, WE WILL STILL WORK!



AS THE GRATEFUL MINERS RETURN TO THEIR DIGGING, THE MINE-OWNER LEAVES TO DO SOME DESK WORK...

IT'S GOOD TO HAVE A PISTOL SHOT LIKE YOU AROUND HERE, CONGO BILL. I'LL ADMIT I FEEL SAFER NOW!

THANKS, DUNN. BUT COBRA SHOOTING MAY BE EASIER THAN FINDING MISSING DIAMONDS! NOW SHOW ME THE REST OF THE SET-UP!



AS CONGO BILL INSPECTS THE "JUNGLE QUEEN DIAMOND MINE..."

...AND THERE'S OUR DERRICK DRILL, PULLING CLAY OUT OF OUR LATEST HOLE... LATER, OUR NATIVE MINERS WILL DIG IN!

SAMPLE CLAY! COMING UP!



DIAMONDS ARE USUALLY FOUND IN CLAY "CHIMNEYS" OR GEOLOGIC SPOUTS WHERE GREAT HEAT ONCE SHOT UP AND CRYSTALLIZED PURE CARBON INTO DIAMONDS!

I HAVEN'T A CLUE YET. THIS MINE IS A FORTRESS AND *SHOULD* BE BURGLAR-PROOF. BUT IT ISN'T!



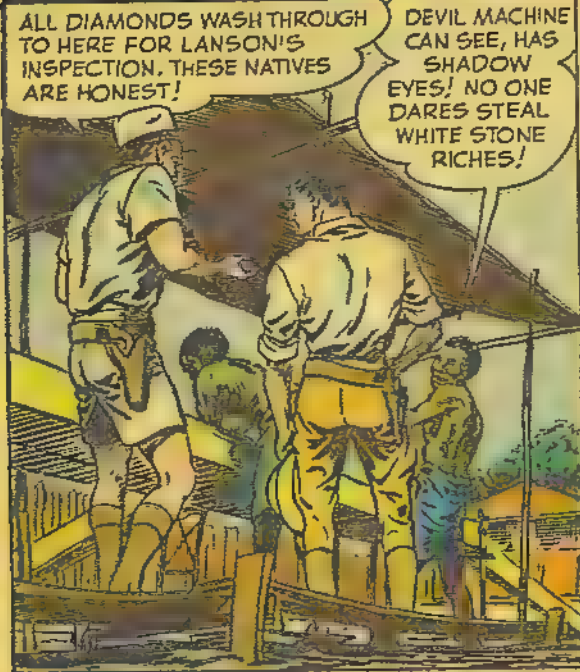
AS THE CLAY MUD SAMPLE IS WASHED FOR POSSIBLE TREASURE...

WE SORT OUT PEBBLES AND ROCKS HERE, AND SOMETIMES WE FIND DIAMONDS. SIMPLE, ISN'T IT?



ALL DIAMONDS WASH THROUGH TO HERE FOR LANSON'S INSPECTION. THESE NATIVES ARE HONEST!

DEVIL MACHINE CAN SEE, HAS SHADOW EYES! NO ONE DARES STEAL WHITE STONE RICHES!



DEVIL MACHINE? WHAT'S THAT?

HE MEANS OUR X-RAY AND FLUOROSCOPE DETECTION ROOM. EVERYONE IS EXAMINED THERE EVERY DAY AND... *WAIT! DON'T MOVE!*

COBRA! COBRA!

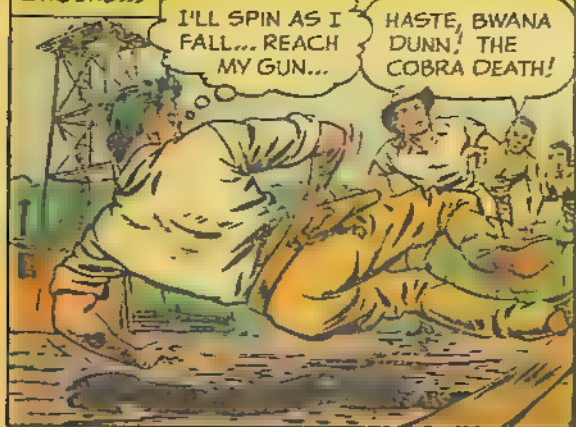




AS THE GUARD'S GUN LEAPS TO HIS HAND, CONGO BILL HEARS A HISS AT HIS EAR... AND QUICKLY DECIDES TO DROP FLAT TO THE GROUND...

I'LL SPIN AS I FALL... REACH MY GUN...

HASTE, BWANA DUNN! THE COBRA DEATH!



BUT BEFORE BILL CAN FIRE, TWO SHOTS RING OUT... AND THE DRIPPING FANGS ARE BLASTED!

BWANA DUNN SNAKE-MASTER, STEEL FIRE STICK ALWAYS SPEAKS TWICE!

ANOTHER COBRA! AND ANOTHER!



TWO EXPLOSIONS ROAR AS ONE WHEN CONGO BILL PRESSES HIS AUTOMATIC'S TRIGGER...

YOU GOT THEM BOTH BEFORE I COULD FIRE!

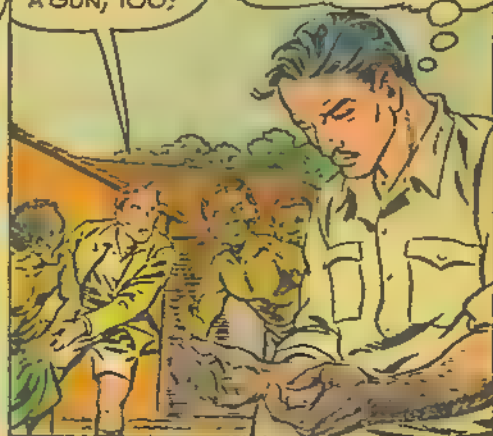
YOUR .45 SAVED MY LIFE! THANKS!

NEW BWANA STRIKES TWO TIMES, TWO SNAKES DEAD, HE NOT MISS FIRST TIME!



ALL SAFE? THIS PLACE IS A SNAKES' NEST! MAYBE I SHOULD CARRY A GUN, TOO!

THIS MUD ON MY HANDS... SOME SHARP AND LUMPY GRAINS IN IT... SOFT GRAINS... I WONDER,?



GET YOUR HANDS MESSED? HERE, LET ME HELP YOU!

THANKS, LANSON!

I WANTED TO EXAMINE MY HANDS... IT FELT LIKE... LIKE... WELL, TOO LATE NOW!



COME SEE OUR X-RAY STATION. ANY IDEAS ON OUR MISSING DIAMONDS YET?

SO FAR, I'VE BEEN TOO BUSY DODGING SNAKES AND BULLETS TO THINK!

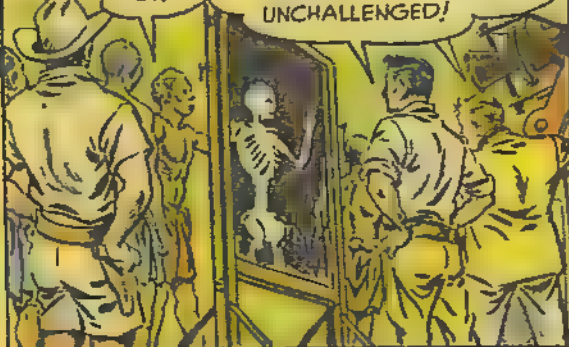
THOSE LUMPS FELT LIKE... LIKE...



AT THE X-RAY AND FLUOROSCOPE STATION, WHERE EVERY MAN MUST PASS THE SEARCHING RAYS...

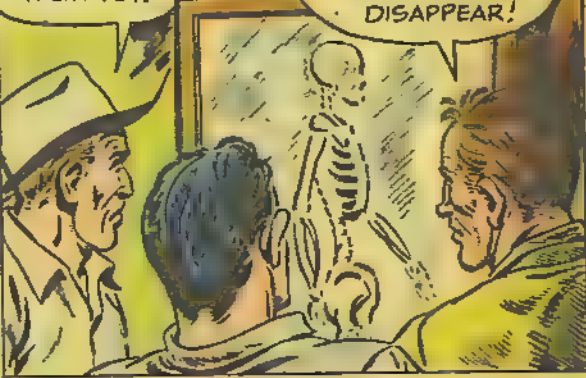
DEVIL MACHINE HAVE BIG EYES, SEES ALL!

IF A MAN SWALLOWED A DIAMOND THE SIZE OF A PIN-HEAD, IT WOULD SHOW UP HERE. AND NO ONE PASSES UNCHALLENGED!



WE TAKE WORKERS OFF THE JOB DURING THE DAY AT ODD HOURS. NOT A STOLEN DIAMOND HAS BEEN FOUND ON THEM YET!

AND MY CLOTHES AND ALL DUNN'S EQUIPMENT ARE LOCKED IN HERE EVERY NIGHT, STILL THE DIAMONDS DISAPPEAR!



LATER, AS THE JUNGLE NIGHT CLAMPS DOWN, CONGO BILL WASHES HIS HANDS... AND MAKES A STRANGE DISCOVERY!

THIS SOAP IS GRAY... LUMPY... AND SO IS THIS WASHBOWL. JUST AS MY HAND FELT WHEN I FELL IN THE MUD NEAR THE DIAMOND WASHER!



PUTTING HIS HANDS AND THE BAR OF SOAP UNDER CLOSER SCRUTINY...

GRAINS OF... LEAD. BUT THERE SHOULDN'T BE ANY LEAD IN DIAMOND CLAY. THE HEAT THAT MAKES DIAMONDS FUSES OUT LEAD!

READY, BILL? WE'VE BOTH CLEANED UP ALREADY!



SWIFTLY, BILL PUTS A SUSPICION AND AN IDEA INTO ACTION...

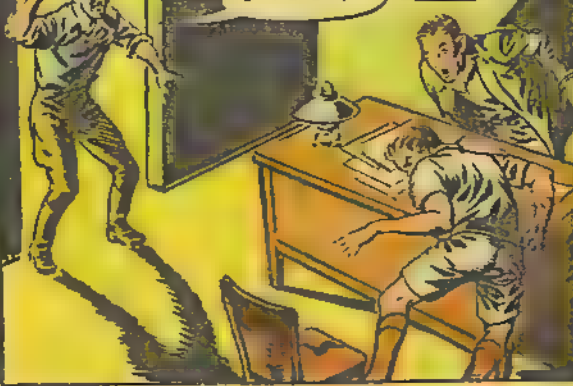
READY IN A MOMENT!

HMM... THE LIGHT WILL BE BEHIND ME, PERFECT! IF I'M WRONG, I'M STUMPED!



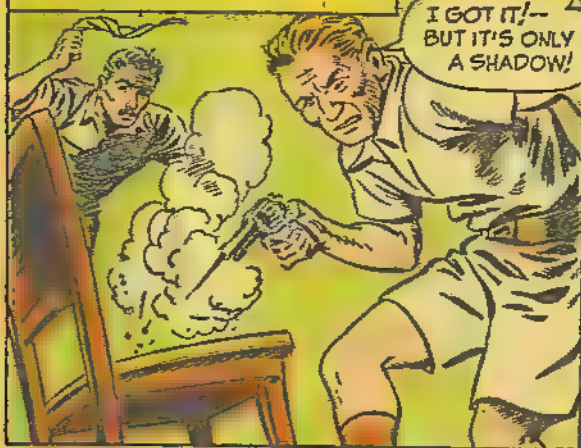
CONGO BILL ENTERS THE ROOM CALMLY ENOUGH. BUT SUDDENLY, HIS FINGER POINTS AND HIS WARNING SHOUT STARTLES DUNN AND LANSON...

I MAY HAVE THE CASE SOLVED, BUT... **COBRA! SHOOT, DUNN! ON YOUR CHAIR! I HAVEN'T MY GUN, SHOOT!**



Has CONGO BILL SOLVED THE MYSTERY OF THE DISAPPEARING DIAMONDS? HAVE YOU SOLVED IT? YOU'VE HAD ALL THE CLUES... NOW TEST YOUR WITS AGAINST CONGO BILL'S... BEFORE YOU READ THE NEXT PAGE...

AS DUNN WHIRLS TO SHOOT, HE REALIZES THAT CONGO BILL HAS USED HIS HANDS AND A TOWEL TO SHAPE A COBRA SHADOW...



I GOT IT!-- BUT IT'S ONLY A SHADOW!

SWIFT AS A STRIKING SNAKE, BILL'S TOWEL FLIES OUT...

ONLY A SHADOW IS RIGHT, DUNN! AND NOW I'LL TAKE THAT BIG .45! I KNOW IT'S THE ONLY GUN IN THIS COMPOUND!

SO YOU'VE TRICKED ME! BUT I CAN STILL KILL YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS!



I NEEDED YOUR "FIRST" BULLET, AND YOU'VE JUST STARTED YOUR CONFESSION! SO RIGHT NOW YOU NEED... MY FIST!

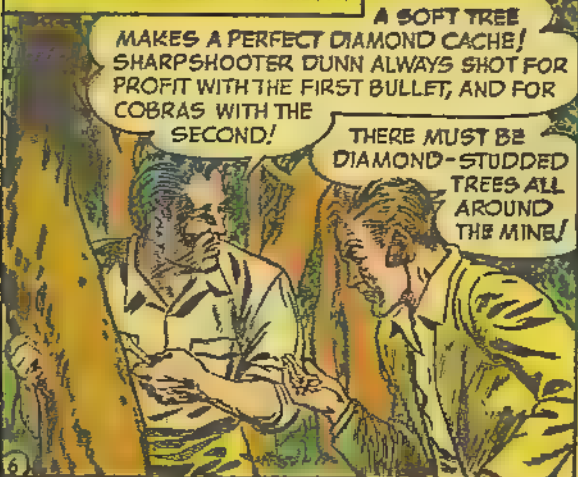


ONCE DUNN IS BOUND FAST, BILL DIGS OUT THE .45 SLUG... AND FINDS A DIAMOND...



YES, DUNN SHOT COBRAS, BUT DUNN ALWAYS MISSED HIS FIRST SHOT. REMEMBER? WHY MISS? BECAUSE... THERE WAS ALWAYS A DIAMOND INSIDE HIS FIRST BULLET! HE'D HOLLOW OUT A .45 SLUG, PACK A GEM IN IT, THEN SEAL THE LEAD SCRAPINGS BACK... READY TO SHOOT!

INTO THE JUNGLE CONGO BILL FOLLOWS ONE OF THE "FIRST-BULLET" TRAILS...



A SOFT TREE MAKES A PERFECT DIAMOND CACHE! SHARPSHOOTER DUNN ALWAYS SHOT FOR PROFIT WITH THE FIRST BULLET, AND FOR COBRAS WITH THE SECOND!

THERE MUST BE DIAMOND-STUDDED TREES ALL AROUND THE MINE!

WHEN THE POLICE COME AT DAWN, WE'LL CIRCLE THE STOCKADE, FIND ALL DUNN'S TREE-TARGETS AND RECOVER ALL YOUR STOLEN DIAMONDS. DUNN INTENDED TO DIG THEM OUT HIMSELF SOME SAFE FUTURE DAY!

BUT THERE'S NO "SAFE" DAY FOR A CROOK WITH YOU AROUND, CONGO BILL!



The End

PANIC STALKS THE FOREST AT THE DREAD CRY OF **"WARPATH!"**



OTHER THRILLING
TOMAHAWK
STORIES TOO
IN THIS
ACTION-PACKED
NEW ISSUE!



A RENEGADE INDIAN
TREACHEROUSLY
INFLAMES FRIENDLY
REDMEN AGAINST
FRONTIER SETTLERS
-AND IT'S UP TO

TOMAHAWK
AND HIS YOUNG FRIEND,
DAN HUNTER
TO FIGHT THROUGH
HORDES OF HOSTILE
SAVAGES WITH THE
ROYAL COLONEL'S
BEAUTEOUS DAUGHTER
AND THE TREATY
THAT STAVES OFF
THE THREAT OF
MASSACRE!

ANOTHER
GREAT COMICS MAGAZINE
WITH THIS FAMOUS
SYMBOL ON THE
COVER!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)
OF ACTION COMICS, published Monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1950.

1. The names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, F. W. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

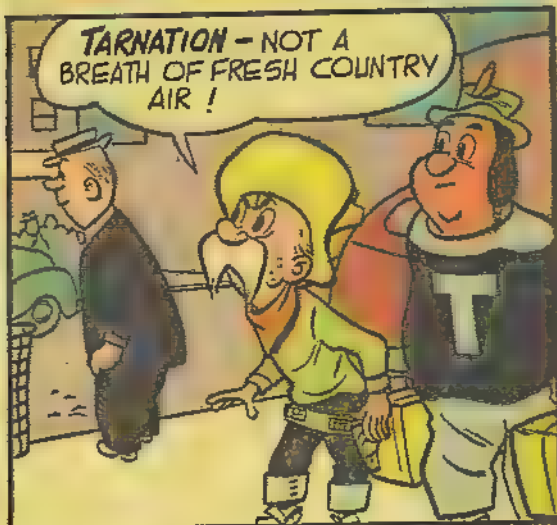
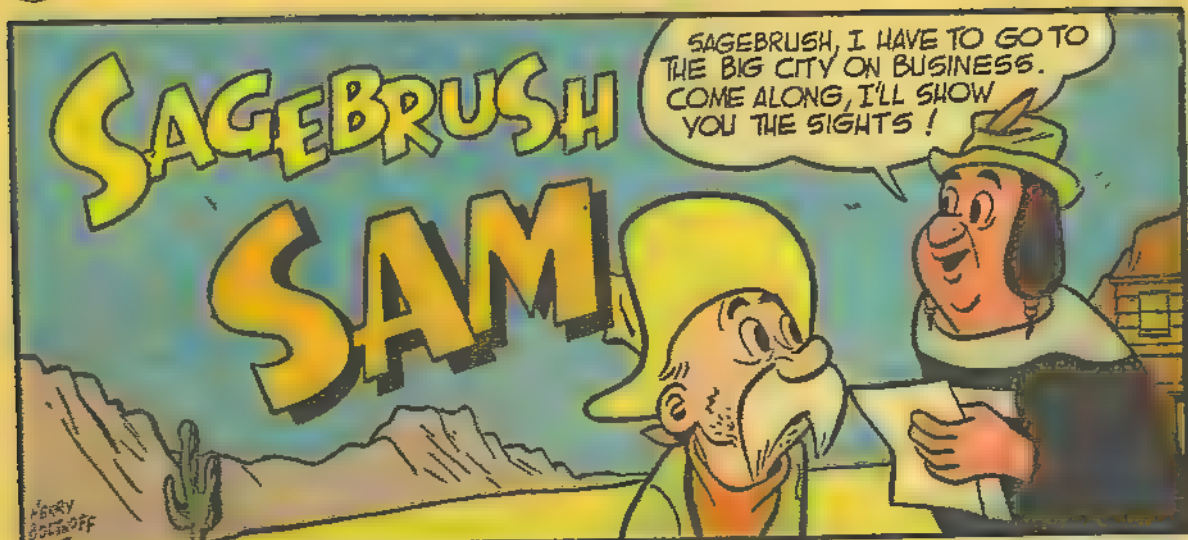
2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) National Comics Publications, Inc., E. Donenfeld, G. Donenfeld, J. S. Liebowitz, R. Liebowitz, P. H. Samphner, S. U. Samphner, J. S. Liebowitz & A. I. Menin as Trustees for L. Donenfeld and S. Donenfeld, A. I. Menin & J. I. Gohnko as Trustees for L. Liebowitz and J. Liebowitz, A. Donenfeld, F. Iger, H. Donenfeld Foundation, Inc., all at 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

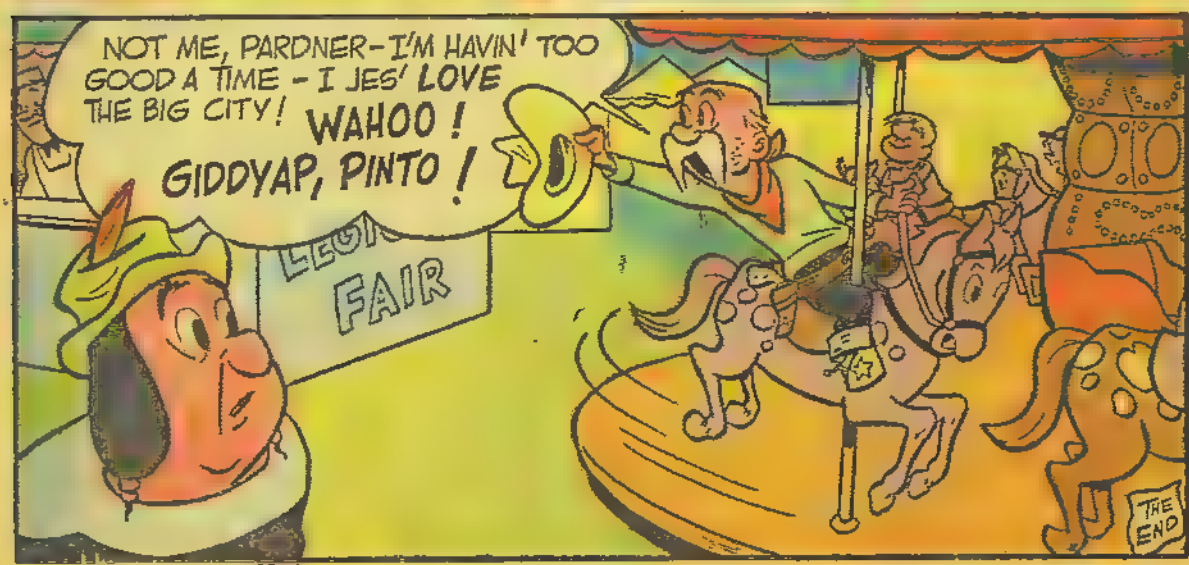
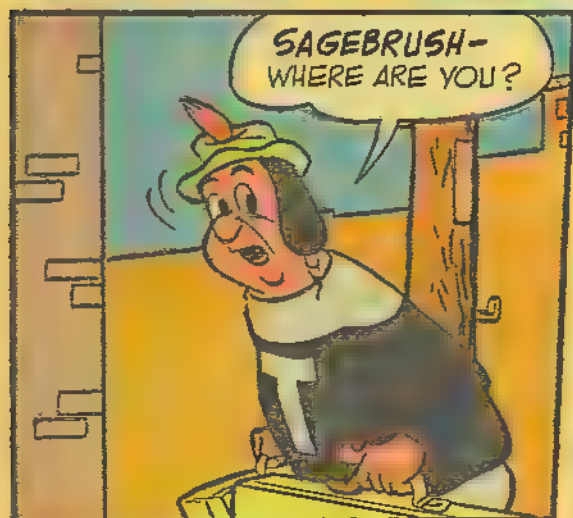
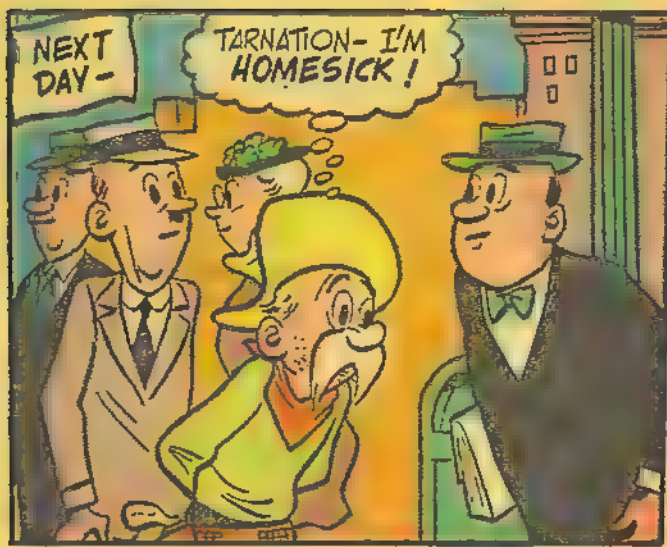
3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs shows the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1950 FERDINAND ASCHER, Notary Public (Commission expires March 30, 1951).





VIGILANTE

WHAT IS THE MYSTERY
SEALED IN THREE
FADED LETTERS THAT
NEVER WERE DELIVERED
IN THE GHOST TOWN
OF LUCKY RUN?
FOR YEARS, NO ONE
EVEN KNEW THEY
EXISTED-- YET THEIR
ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY
IS THE SIGNAL FOR
VIOLENCE AND TREACHERY!
SEEKING THE PEOPLE TO
WHOM THEY ARE
ADDRESSED, THE
VALIANT VIGILANTE RIDES
A PERILOUS TRAIL
THAT LEADS AT
LONG LAST TO THE
TRAGIC AND STIRRING
SECRET OF—

"the **THREE
DEAD
LETTERS!**"



OUR STORY BEGINS 15 YEARS AGO IN THE ROISTERING FRONTIER TOWN OF LUCKY RUN, WHERE TWO PARTNERS, RED-HEADED EDDIE MINTON AND DAN BLACK, HAVE A TRAGIC QUARREL ...

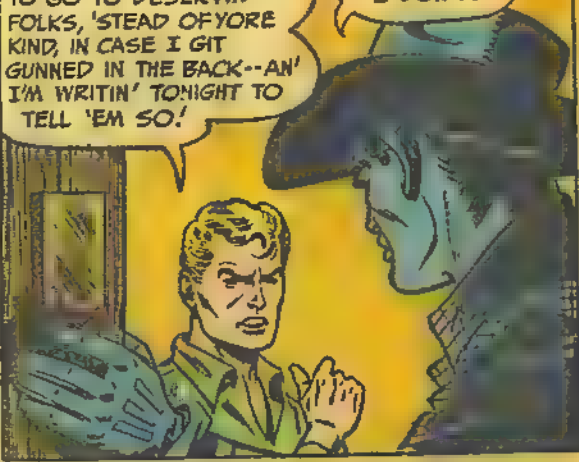
YUH GOT A SECRET THAT'S MAKIN' YUH RICH, EDDIE! AS YORE PARDNER, I WANT IN ON IT!

YUH'RE NO PARDNER O' MINE AFTER TRYIN' TO STEAL FROM ME, DAN! YUH'RE JUST A NO-GOOD SKUNK! GIT OUT!



WHAT'S MORE, I'VE FIXED IT FOR ALL MY WEALTH TO GO TO DESERVIN' FOLKS, 'STEAD OF YORE KIND, IN CASE I GIT GUNNED IN THE BACK--AN' I'M WRITIN' TONIGHT TO TELL 'EM SO!

I'LL FIX YUH FOR THIS! SEE IF I DON'T!



AS IF SENSING THAT TROUBLE IS NEAR, EDDIE LOSES NO TIME IN ACTING ON HIS PLAN ...

I RECKON THREE PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN HAVE DONE MORE FOR ME THAN ANYBODY ELSE SINCE I WAS ORPHANED! I'LL SEND 'EM EACH A LETTER--WORDED SO NOBODY ELSE CAN UNDERSTAND!



EDDIE WRITES, AND GOES TO MAIL HIS LETTERS-- BUT AS HE STANDS IN FRONT OF THE GENERAL STORE AND POST OFFICE ...

YUH DONE IT--SHOT ME IN THE BACK--BUT IT WON'T HELP YUH! LETTERS--MAILED--YUH CAN'T--GIT 'EM--

NOBODY'LL GIT 'EM! I'LL SET FIRE TO THE STORE AN' BURN 'EM UP-- THEN HUNT FOR WHAT I WANT IN YORE SHACK!



PRESENTLY...

THERE GOES MY STORE AN' EVERYTHIN' IN IT! GUESS I'LL JUST PULL UP STAKES AN' MOVE ON, LIKE SO MANY OTHERS ARE DOIN'!

I'M MOVIN', TOO! LOOKS LIKE LUCKY RUN'S LUCK IS RUNNIN' OUT, WITH NOBODY STRIKIN' IT RICH!



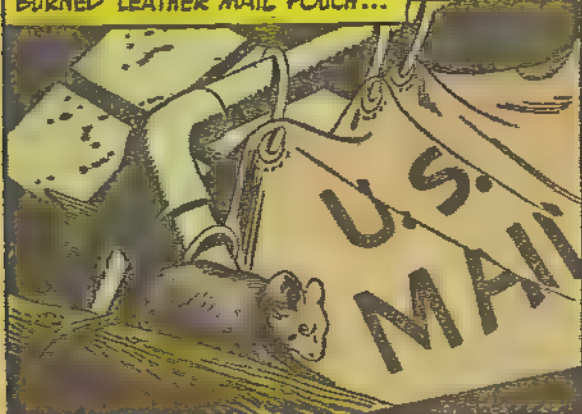
THE FIRE MARKS THE BEGINNING OF THE END OF THE TOWN--AND AMONG THE LAST TO GO IS DAN BLACK, WHOSE CRIME HAS MADE HIM NO RICHER ...

SHAKE A LEG, MATHILDA! MISS PRENTISS, THE SCHOOLMARM, HAS LEFT A'READY WITH DOC HARKER AN' SHERIFF LAWTON!

NOT A CLUE IN THE SHACK! I SHOULD'VE MADE EDDIE-TALK, OR ELSE WAITED TO STEAL THEM LETTERS! BUT HE'S DEAD, AN' THEY'RE BURNED!



ARE THE LETTERS LOST FOREVER WITH THEIR SECRET? FOR 15 YEARS, LUCKY RUN IS A GHOST TOWN, POPULATED BY WILD CREATURES--INCLUDING A FAMILY OF MICE THAT NEST IN A HALF-BURNED LEATHER MAIL POUCH...



THEN A SEMBLANCE OF LIFE RETURNS BRIEFLY AS A MOVIE COMPANY PICKS THE SITE TO FEATURE GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, IN A WESTERN PICTURE...

THERE'S A GHOST TOWN IN MY DREAMS ♪
 & THAT KEEPS CALLING ME IT SEEMS ♪
 BACK TO THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE... ♪



WHILE THE FAMOUS COWBOY CROONER DOES HIS NUMBER, HIS YOUNG PAL STUFF PROWLs AMONG THE TEMPTING RUINS...

AND HERE--AS IF TO PROVE THAT CRIMINALS RETURN TO THE SCENES OF THEIR CRIMES--IS NONE OTHER THAN DAN BLACK, EMPLOYED JUST NOW AS A MOVIE EXTRA!

WHERE OLD FRIENDS
 I USED TO KNOW
 STILL ARE RIDING TO
 AND FRO--
 IN THAT GHOST TOWN
 WHERE ONLY DREAMS
 LIVE ON!

SOME BON-
 FIRE THIS
 MUST HAVE--
 OOPS!

DROPPIN'
 IN ON
 SOME
 SPOOKS!
 HAW, HAW!

OW!... WHAT'S THIS?...
 AN OLD LEATHER MAIL
 POUCH PARTLY BURNED--
 AND THREE OLD LETTERS,
 NOT EVEN SCORCHED!

HUH? LETTERS!
 WHY, THEY MUST BE
 THE ONES EDDIE
 WROTE-- STILL
 HERE AFTER ALL
 THESE YEARS!



NEXT INSTANT...

OH-H-H-H! A G-GUN!
 P-P-DON'T SHOOT!

GIMME THEM LETTERS,
 KID-- 'FORE I LET
 DAYLIGHT THROUGH
 YUH!

THEN...

HEY! (COUGH)
 WHY--(COUGH)--
 YUH BRAT--!

THAT'S FOR LAUGH-
 ING AT MY
 ACCIDENT, CHUM--
 NOT TO MENTION
 SCARING A POOR,
 DEFENSELESS KID LIKE
 ME WITH THAT GUN!



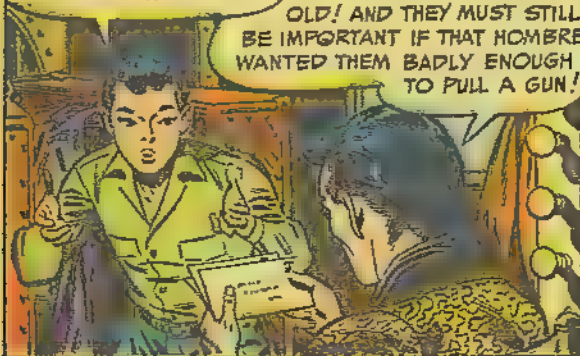
IS DAN'S CRIME GOING TO PAY OFF, AFTER ALL? STUFF REELS BACK, LOOKING FRIGHTENED...



IN GREG'S TRAILER DRESSING ROOM, WHEN HIS MOVIE STUNT IS FINISHED...

THE GUY WORE A MASK, P.T., BUT HIS VOICE DIDN'T SOUND LIKE HE WAS KIDDING!

THESE LETTERS ARE ADDRESSED TO PEOPLE WHO USED TO LIVE HERE, SO THEY MUST BE AT LEAST 15 YEARS OLD! AND THEY MUST STILL BE IMPORTANT IF THAT HOMBRE WANTED THEM BADLY ENOUGH TO PULL A GUN!



AND SINCE HE MAY TRY TO GET THEM AGAIN, I RECKON THE VIGILANTE HAD BETTER TURN MAILMAN FOR A CHANGE!

OH, BOY-- SPECIAL DELIVERY! I'LL UNSTABLE OUR GAS-EATING BRONC FROM THE CARRYING COMPARTMENT OF THE JALOPY!



MOMENTS LATER, A POWERFUL MOTOR ROARS-- AND A KILLER SEEKING EASY RICHES, STIFFENS AT THE SIGHT OF THE VENTURESOME VIGILANTE...

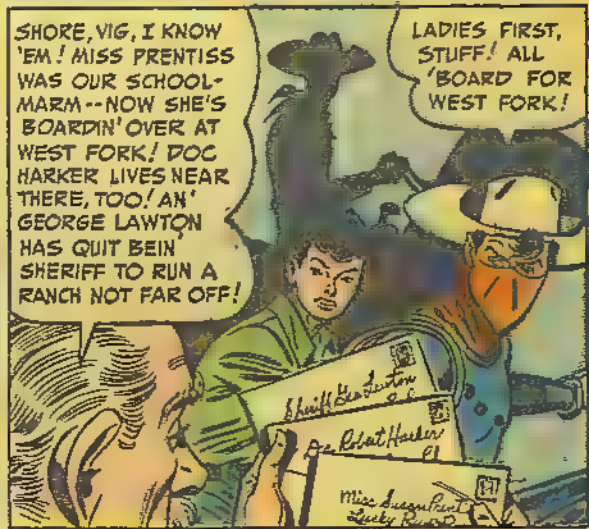
SOME OF THE EXTRAS ARE OLD- AERS WHO KNEW LUCKY RUN BEFORE IT WAS A GHOST TOWN! THEY MAY REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO THESE PEOPLE!

THE VIGILANTE! THIS MAKES IT TOUGH-- BUT NOT EVEN HE CAN KEEP THEM LETTERS FROM ME IF I GIVE HIM WHAT EDDIE GOT!



SHORE, VIG, I KNOW 'EM! MISS PRENTISS WAS OUR SCHOOL-MARM--NOW SHE'S BOARDIN' OVER AT WEST FORK! DOC HARKER LIVES NEAR THERE, TOO! AN' GEORGE LAWTON HAS QUIT BEIN SHERIFF TO RUN A RANCH NOT FAR OFF!

LADIES FIRST, STUFF! ALL 'BOARD FOR WEST FORK!



A SHORTCUT BRINGS DAN TO A DANGEROUS BEND IN THE TRAIL TO WEST FORK AHEAD OF THE UNOFFICIAL MAIL CARRIERS...

YIPPEE! GANGWAY FOR THE TIN PONY EXPRESS!

YONDER THEY COME, LICKETY-SPLIT! HOPE I DON'T BURY 'EM SO DEEP IN THIS ROCKSLIDE, I CAN'T FIND THE LETTERS THAT'LL MAKE ME RICH!



ABRUPTLY...

MOUNTAIN'S COMING DOWN ON US-- I SUSPECT WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM SOMEBODY! SINCE WE CAN'T GO THROUGH THAT BARRAGE, WE'LL RIDE AROUND IT!

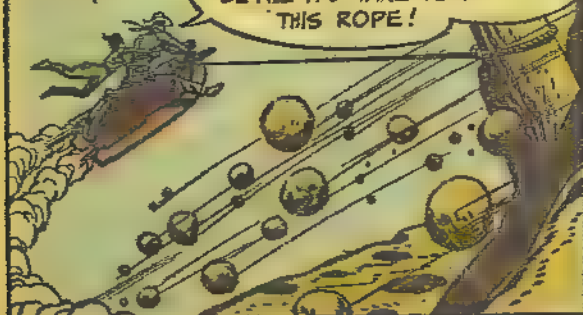
Y-YOU MEAN, OUT THERE IN THIN AIR? OH, N-N-NO-O-O!



AS AN EXPERTLY-THROWN ROPE NOOSES A JUTTING ROCK AND IS SNUBBED TO THE VIGILANTE-CYCLE'S STEEL FRAME...

I CAN'T LOOK!

JUST AS WELL, FELLA! THIS IS NO TIME FOR BACK-SEAT DRIVING--AND THE STRAIN ON YOUR NERVES MIGHT BE ALL IT'D TAKE TO SNAP THIS ROPE!



ENRAGED AT THE SHEER AUDACITY OF THE HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE, THE OUTLAW EMPTIES HIS GUNS AT THE DEPARTING PAIR...

DID A BEE JUST BUZZ PAST MY EAR--I HOPE?

THE FIRST LETTER IS B, BUT THE WORD IS **BULLET!**



SOON, AT A WEST FORK BOARDING HOUSE, THE FIRST LETTER IS DELIVERED TO A FORMER SCHOOL TEACHER! WHAT WILL IT REVEAL?

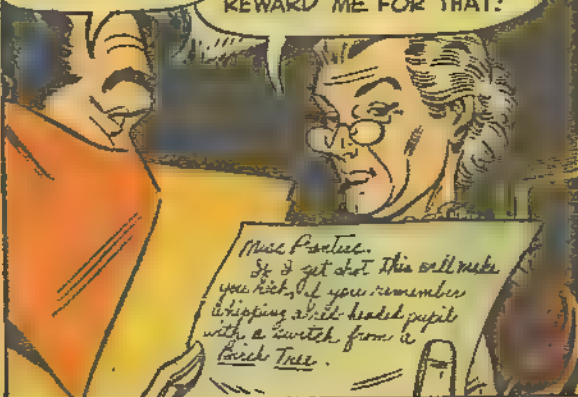
WELL! A CURIOUS IDEA OF A JOKE, I MUST SAY! THIS MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN BURNED 15 YEARS AGO!

WAIT, PLEASE, MISS PRENTISS! IT WASN'T ANY JOKE WHEN SOMEONE TRIED TO KILL US TO KEEP YOU FROM GETTING IT! MAY I SEE IT?



STRANGE! CAN'T YOU RECALL EVER WHIPPING A RED-HEADED PUPIL?

ONLY EDDIE MINTON, WHOM I ALSO EXPELLED FROM SCHOOL AS A BAD BOY! HE'D HARDLY WANT TO REWARD ME FOR THAT!



WAIT... I REMEMBER HEARING THAT EDDIE WAS MYSTERIOUSLY SHOT AT THE GENERAL STORE AND POST OFFICE THAT NIGHT IT BURNED!

HMM... THAT WOULD BE ABOUT THE TIME THIS MYSTERIOUS LETTER WAS POSTED TO YOU, AND ANOTHER TO DR. HARKER. MAYBE WE'LL KNOW MORE WHEN WE DELIVER THAT ONE!



AS THE HEROES RIDE AGAIN, THE SINISTER DAN BLACK WAITS ONCE MORE ALONG THEIR PATH...

ANOTHER SECOND AN' I'LL DYNAMITE THAT ROW O'TREES SO THEY'LL FALL SMACK ACROSS THE STRETCH O'ROAD THE VIG IS RIDIN'!

THIS SHADE FEELS GOOD! MY BRAIN'S BURNING OUT A BEARING TRYING TO FIGURE WHAT THAT ANONYMOUS LETTER WAS SUPPOSED TO MEAN!



SUDDENLY...

WOW! I MENTION SHADE, AND IT COMES RIGHT DOWN ON TOP OF US! SLAP ON THE BRAKES, VIG!

BRAKES, NOTHING! SPEED'S THE ONLY THING THAT WILL GET US OUT OF THIS, FELLA! HANG ON TIGHT--



AN INSTANT LATER, THE SUPER-MOTORCYCLE STREAKS UPWARD LIKE A ROCKET INTO THE THICK FOLIAGE OF A CRASHING TREETOP!

I'M COUNTING ON THE LEAVES AND SMALL BRANCHES TO CUSHION THE IMPACT!

LONG AS YOU DON'T GO RIGHT ON THROUGH, AND WE HAVE TO COME DOWN WITHOUT PARACHUTES!



AND FOR THE SECOND TIME, THE KILLER SEES HIS QUARRY ESCAPE A CUNNING TRAP...

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, STRANGER?

LAUGH WHILE YUH GOT THE CHANCE! I'LL GET YUH YET!



SO, PRESENTLY, THE SECOND LETTER IS DELIVERED TO DR. HARKER--AND PROVES TO BE AS CRYPTIC AS THE FIRST...

DON'T MEAN A THING TO ME, VIGILANTE! IN 40 YEARS O' PRACTICE, I MUST OF HAD A LOT O' RED-HEADED PATIENTS!

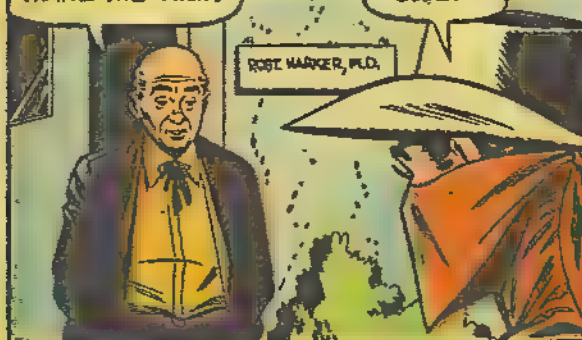
WAS ONE OF THEM NAMED EDDIE MINTON?



*Dr. Harker:
If I'm killed you'll be rich! Remember your business involving a railroad from being buried in a fine box!*

YEP! DUG A BULLET OUT OF HIM AFTER A STAGE ROBBERY YEARS AGO! HE MUST HATE ME, THOUGH, 'CAUSE I TURNED HIM OVER TO SHERIFF LAWTON! HE'D NEVER WANT TO MAKE ME RICH!

THIS IS BECOMING QUITE A PUZZLE! WE'VE A LETTER FOR LAWTON, TOO! WE'LL VISIT HIS RANCH TOMORROW AND TRY TO FIND A CLUE!



ROSE HARKER, M.D.

NEXT MORNING, THE VIGILANTE FINDS HIMSELF HEADING A LARGER PARTY THAN EXPECTED...

NOW DON'T WASTE BREATH TRYING TO TELL ME THIS MAY BE DANGEROUS, YOUNG MAN! AFTER TEACHING SCHOOL AROUND HERE MOST OF MY LIFE, NOTHING CAN SCARE ME!

THAT'S THE TRUTH, VIG! MISS PRENTISS AIN'T EVEN SCARED O' MY PILLS--SO I GUESS WE GOT TO PUT UP WITH HER!



IN THE NARROW CANYON ROAD THAT LEADS TO THE LAWTON RANCH...

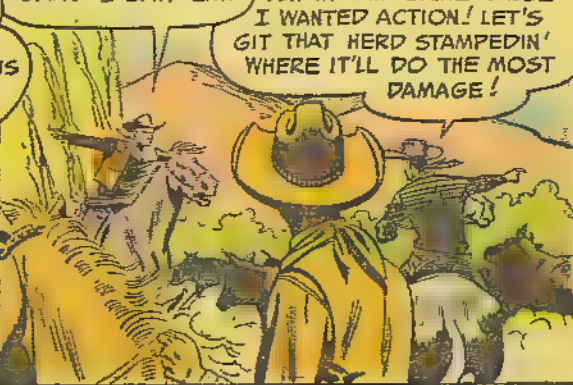
IF THE THIRD LETTER DOESN'T SAY MORE THAN THE OTHERS, VIG, HOW WILL WE EVER FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE ALL ABOUT?



LET'S WORRY ABOUT ONE THING AT A TIME, STUFF! RIGHT NOW, THE BIG QUESTION IS: WHAT'S OUR MURDEROUS MYSTERY MAN UP TO TODAY?

THAT QUESTION IS SOON TO BE ANSWERED DRAMATICALLY! FOR AHEAD, WHERE THE CANYON OPENS INTO ROLLING RANGELAND...

THEY'RE COMIN', DAN! I SAW 'EM!



COME ON, BOYS! I DEALT YUH IN THIS GAME 'CAUSE I WANTED ACTION! LET'S GIT THAT HERD STAMPEDIN' WHERE IT'LL DO THE MOST DAMAGE!

WITHOUT WARNING...

LOOK--A STAMPEDE! WE COULD OUTRUN IT, BUT THE OTHERS CAN'T WITH THAT HORSE AND BUGGY! HOW'LL WE STOP THE CATTLE?

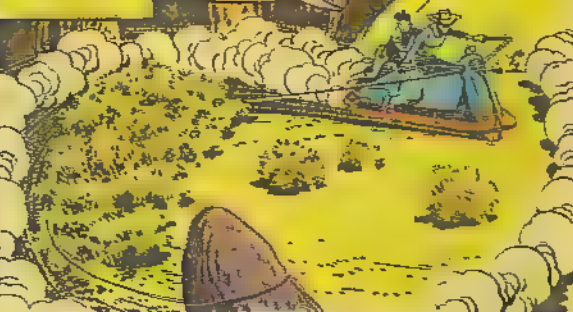


I KNOW ONE POSSIBLE WAY THAT'S WORTH TRYING!

THE FAMED RIDER OF THE PURPLE SAGE GATHERS SOME IN A STRANGE WAY...

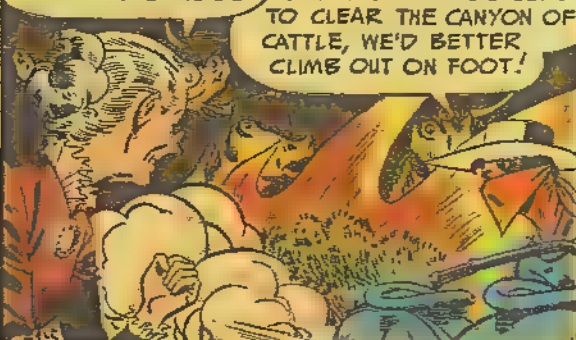
THOSE STEERS ARE PANICKY! YOU DON'T THINK A PILE OF DRY WEEDS WILL STOP 'EM, DO YOU?

IN A WORD, STUFF--YES!



AND AS A FLAMING BLAST FROM THE MOTOR-CYCLE'S EXHAUST SETS THE UPROOTED PLANTS AFIRE ...

FAST THINKING, VIGILANTE! YOU MUST HAVE HAD A GOOD TEACHER WHEN YOU WENT TO SCHOOL!



I CERTAINLY DID, MISS PRENTISS! YOU REMIND ME OF HER!... THE STAMPEDE'S STOPPED, BUT IT'LL TAKE SO LONG TO CLEAR THE CANYON OF CATTLE, WE'D BETTER CLIMB OUT ON FOOT!

AT THE RIM OF THE CANYON...

COME BACK, YUH CONSERVED RUSTLERS, AN' FIGHT LIKE MEN! I'LL L'ARN YUH TO RUN ALL THE BEEF OFF O' MY BEST HERD!



LOOKS AS IF WE'VE FOUND THE EX-SHERIFF OF LUCKY RUN! THAT STAMPEDE COULDN'T HAVE STOPPED US AT A BETTER PLACE!

VIGILANTE! AS A RETIRED LAWMAN, I'M RIGHT PROUD TO MEET THE FINEST O' THE LOT-- AN' GOIN' STRONGER'N EVER!

THANKS, LAWTON! I'M HOPING YOU'LL HELP ME FIND THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THOSE THREE OUTLAWS YOU CHASED AND THIS LETTER, WRITTEN TO YOU 15 YEARS AGO!

LAWTON! IT DON'T MAKE SENSE! I CAN'T THINK OF ANY REDHEAD I SAVED FROM HANGING!

HOW ABOUT EDDIE MINTON?

*Shilly Lawton:
If a slunk shot me in the back, you'll be rich! Please, a certain red head might have wound up hanging to a cottonwood tree if it hadn't been for you!*

EDDIE GOT SHOT IN THE BACK, ALL RIGHT-- SOME TIME AFTER I'D JAILED HIM ON SUSPICION O' ROBBERY! HE WAS WILD ONCE, BUT TURNED PRETTY DECENT 'FORE HE WAS KILLED!

MISS PRENTISS EXPELLED HIM-- DOC HAD HIM ARRESTED--AND YOU JAILED HIM! BUT EACH LETTER SOUNDS AS IF HE WAS GRATEFUL!

THE ONLY OTHER UNUSUAL THING ABOUT THE LETTERS IS THE UNDERLINING OF THE NAMES OF THREE TREES-- BIRCH, PINE AND COTTONWOOD!

THREE TREES? THAT'S THE NAME OF A PLACE NOT FAR AWAY WHERE SOME PROSPECTORS CAMPED 'WAY BEFORE MY TIME! CARE TO LOOK IT OVER?

IS THREE TREES THE CLUE TO THE FATAL MYSTERY OF THE GHOST TOWN? AN HOUR'S RIDE BRINGS THE GROUP TO THE LONELY SPOT...

HE'E IT IS--AN' DOGGONED IF THE THREE TREES AREN'T A BIRCH, A PINE AN' A COTTONWOOD!

YES--AND WITH A STRANGE PILE OF ROCKS IN THE EXACT CENTER! GIVE ME A HAND, STUFF, AND LET'S SEE IF WE CAN MOVE SOME OF THOSE SLABS!

AFTER A MINUTE'S LABOR... I'LL GET SOME PINE BRANCHES FOR TORCHES, TOO! WE'LL WANT TO HAVE A LOOK DOWN IN THAT CAVE!

RECKON WE CAN OPEN IT NOW! STUFF, GET A CHISEL AND HAMMER FROM MY TOOL KIT!

PROPERTY OF ED MINTON
TO BE OPENED
AFTER HE IS DEAD

THE BOX IS OPENED, BUT THE PAPERS WITHIN IT ARE LESS TEMPTING THAN THE NARROW PASSAGE AHEAD! SOON...

GOLD! EDDIE MUST HAVE FOUND THE FORGOTTEN MINE OF ONE OF THE EARLY PROSPECTORS!

BUT WHY SHOULD HE LEAD US HERE? HE HAD NO REASON TO LOVE THE THREE OF US! MAYBE IT'S A TRAP!



LIKE AN OMINOUS ECHO, DOC HARKER'S WORDS ARE REPEATED MOCKINGLY FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE MINE...

YEAH, A TRAP--AN' ALSO YORE GRAVE! AT LAST I GOT WHAT I WANT--AN' IT WAS WORTH KILLIN' EDDIE, AN' THE REST OF YUH, TOO!

GOT TO DO SOMETHING! BUT IF GUNS START BLASTING, SOME OF THE OTHERS--PERHAPS MISS PRENTISS--ARE BOUND TO BE HURT!



WHAT TO DO? GEORGE LAWTON-- STILL ANGRY ABOUT HIS STAMPEDED HERD--SUPPLIES THE ANSWER...

CONSERNED RUSTLERS! I'LL LARN YUH TO RUN THE WEIGHT OFF'N MY FAT STOCK!

QUICK, STUFF-- THROW YOUR TORCH WHERE IT'LL DO THE MOST GOOD!



HAVE A LIGHT, CHUMPS!

THEY'RE TRYIN' TO BURN US UP!



SO YUH'RE READY TO DIE, VIG!

I WOULD BE, IF I THOUGHT IT WAS TIME!



BUT I RECKON I'LL WAIT A WHILE! THE MURDER OF EDDIE MINTON -- WHICH YOU CONFESSED A MINUTE AGO -- IS ABOUT AS MUCH AS YOU CAN BE HANGED FOR AT ONE TIME!



THE PAPERS IN THE BOX BEQUEATH EDDIE MINTON'S GOLD MINE TO THE THREE PEOPLE WHO THOUGHT EDDIE HAD HATED THEM... THE SCHOOL-TEACHER, THE DOCTOR, AND THE EX-SHERIFF! AND HERE, IN HIS OWN WORDS, ARE HIS REASONS...

I'M SORRY, EDDIE-- BUT I MUST THINK OF THE OTHER PUPILS! I'M EXPELLING YOU FOR THEIR SAKE!

AW, YUH JUST GOT IT IN FOR ME!

...LATER I SAW HOW HARD MISS PRENTISS HAD TRIED TO HELP ME! AND SHE DID-- BECAUSE I NEVER FORGOT WHAT SHE TOLD ME...

...I REALIZED, TOO, THAT DOC HAD TO REPORT ME, BECAUSE OF HIS DUTY TO THOSE WHO TRUSTED HIM...

DOC, I'LL PAY YUH PLENTY TO KEEP STILL ABOUT THIS BULLET WOUND!

YUH DON'T UNDERSTAND, EDDIE! I TOOK AN OATH TO DO RIGHT BY SOCIETY-- SO I GOT TO TELL THE SHERIFF YUH BEEN OWL HOOTIN'!

YUH COULD OF GOT A LONG SENTENCE, EDDIE! I'M HOPIN' THIS SHORT ONE'LL CHANGE YORE WAYS!

I'LL CHANGE 'EM JUST ENOUGH TO KEEP CLEAR O' YUH AFTER THIS!

... BUT DURING THAT SHORT SENTENCE I LEARNED SHERIFF LAWTON, TOO, WAS DOING HIS BEST FOR THE COMMUNITY-- INCLUDING ME! I'D DECIDED TO GO STRAIGHT BEFORE I WAS LET OUT...

YOU TAUGHT EDDIE TO LIVE DECENTLY AND HAPPILY, AND HE WAS GRATEFUL! HE'S PAID A SPLENDID TRIBUTE TO EACH OF YOU!

AND IT'S FAR MORE IMPORTANT TO US THAN THE GOLD, VIGILANTE! WHAT A PITY HE COULDN'T HAVE LIVED LONGER!

BUT WHAT OF THE GHOST TOWN OF LUCKY RUN? NEWS OF THE NO-LONGER-SECRET MINE BRINGS A RUSH OF NEW AND OLD RESIDENTS...

SCHOOL OPENS MONDAY, WITH ME IN CHARGE! WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT-- I FEEL LIKE A GIRL AGAIN!

I'M EVEN WORSE'N YOU, MISS PRENTISS ... I'M ON MY WAY TO ASK DOC HARKER IF HE'LL SUPPORT ME FOR SHERIFF AGAIN!

AND OF COURSE THERE HAS TO BE A BANG-UP CELEBRATION WITH THE KING OF COWBOY ENTERTAINERS HEADING THE PROGRAM...

SWING YOUR LADY NEATLY, CANTER DOWN THE AISLE, BOW TO THE LEFT AND THE RIGHT--
1 TURN AROUND COMPLETELY
2 AND GALLOP BACK IN STYLE--
OH, THE GHOST TOWN IS JUMPING TONIGHT!

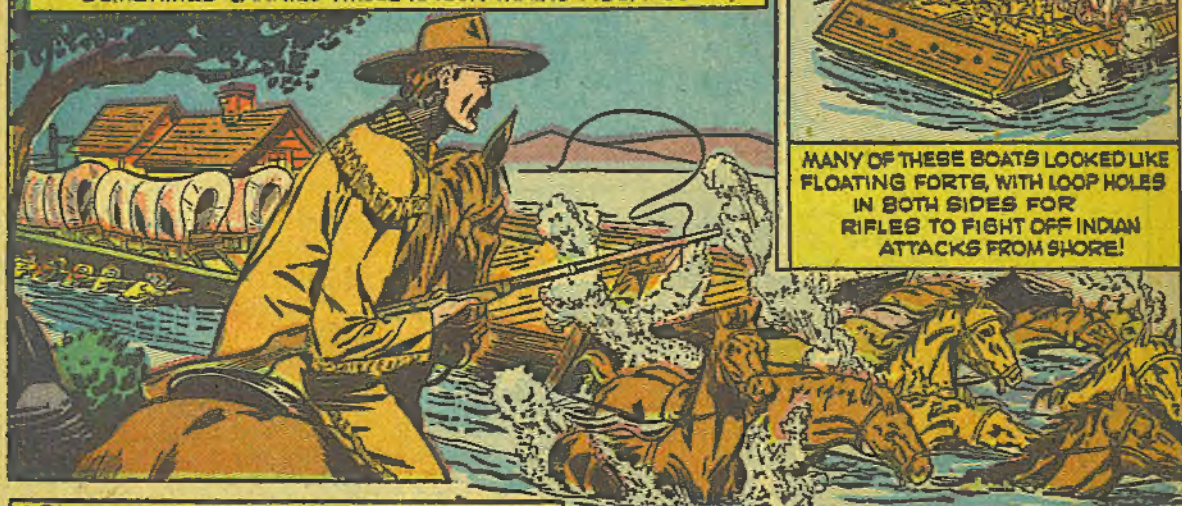
ONLY THING MISSING IS THE VIGILANTE, SUSAN!

THAT'S MY PAL!

The End

Do You Know...

THAT AMERICAN PIONEERS, WHO INVADDED THE WEST, OFTEN BUILT THEIR OWN FLATBOATS IN ORDER TO NAVIGATE RIVERS? THESE SOMETIMES CARRIED WHOLE WAGON TRAINS ABOARD!



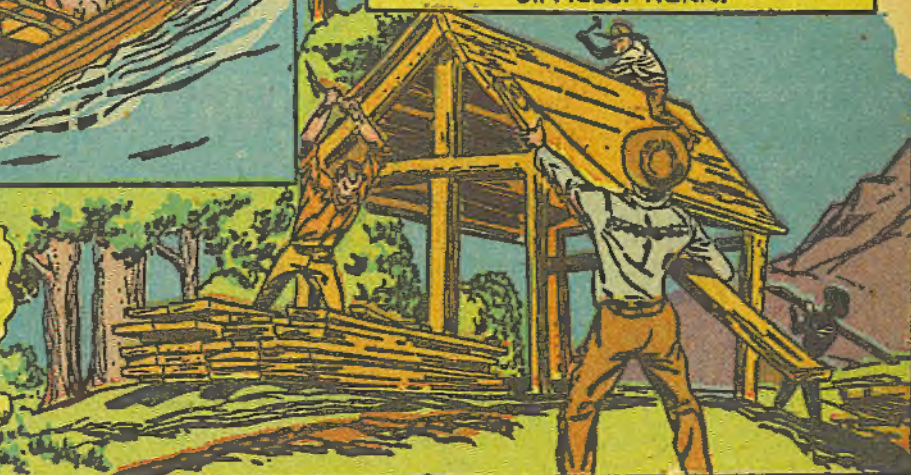
MANY OF THESE BOATS LOOKED LIKE FLOATING FORTS, WITH LOOP HOLES IN BOTH SIDES FOR RIFLES TO FIGHT OFF INDIAN ATTACKS FROM SHORE!

A RAFT WAS 80 TO 90 FEET LONG AND LOADED WITH HAY, HORSES, COWS, PLOUGHS, WAGONS, PIGS, POULTRY, AND CHILDREN! QUITE A CARGO!



THESE RAFTS WERE OFTEN MOVED BY "WARPING", ATTACHING STOUT ROPES TO SHORE AND PULLING UP! EXTREMELY DIFFICULT WORK!

OFTEN, WHEN A SETTLER FOUND AN ATTRACTIVE SPOT ALONG THE RIVER, HE WOULD STOP AND BUILD HIS CABIN, USING THE PLANKS FROM HIS BOAT!



Your CHRISTMAS Daisy

READY



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BELL RINGING METAL TARGET; TARGET CARDS; GENEROUS
SUPPLY BULLS EYE SHOT; SHOOTING MANUAL & SCOPE DOPE.
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GIANT POUCH
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